# The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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## NOTICES.

*All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of* The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

*A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.*

# News Notes.

### SPECIAL PRIZE POEM COMPETITIONS.

*Our usual monthly Prize Competitions have proved so popular with the land and sea Services that we have decided to hold the following competitions which shall be open only to—*

Soldiers, Sailors, Airmen, Nurses, Ambulance and Transport Workers, and Others engaged on Active War Service, or in Hospital.

*We offer—*

(1) *A First Prize of £2, a Second Prize of £1, and Four Prizes of 10s. each for the best original Ballads.*

(2) *A First Prize of £2, a Second Prize of £1, and Four Prizes of 10s. each for the best original Lyrics.*

*Choice of subjects is left entirely to Competitors, but no poem may exceed forty-eight lines in length.*

*Any competitor may enter for both Competitions.*

*All poems (written on one side of the paper only and bearing names and addresses of senders) must reach us not later than by the first post on the 7th March next, and should be addressed—*

*The Editor,*
*Special Prize Competition,*
The Bookman,
*St. Paul's House,*
*Warwick Square,*
*London, E.C.4.*

*Results will be announced in* The Bookman *for April next.*

*Competitors should keep copies of their verses, as the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

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E. M. Delafield (Miss de la Pasture) has written a new novel entitled "The War Workers," which will be published forthwith by Mr. Heinemann. It is a light, amusing satire on voluntary women war workers. Miss Delafield is herself a member of a V.A.D., and has for some time past been subordinating all her other work to this.

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Mr. Heinemann's other new fiction for this spring includes another novel by E. M. Delafield, "The Pelicans"; a romance of the rope-making industry of Bridport, "The Spinners," by Eden Phillpotts; and a book of short stories, "Five Tales," by John Galsworthy.

*Photo by Campbell Gray.* **Sir Alfred Thomas Davies, C.B.**

It is gratifying to find so many names associated with literature and journalism included in the latest Honours lists. Sir Henry Dalziel, the proprietor of *Reynolds's*, and Sir George Riddell, newspaper proprietor and director of the *News of the World*, are among the new baronets; and knighthoods are conferred upon Anthony Hope, upon that brilliant journalist Sidney Low, now engaged in organising the study of Imperial History at the University of London; on Emsley Carr, editor and part-proprietor of the *News of the World* and vice-chairman of the *Western Mail*; and on Arthur Spurgeon, J.P., who has since 1905 been managing director of Messrs. Cassells, and is Chairman of the Croydon Magistrates. After acting as managing editor of the *Lowestoft Weekly Press* from 1885 to 1891, Sir Arthur came to London about a quarter of a century ago and became successively representative and managing editor of the National Press Agency, from which he retired when he took up the general managership of the House of Cassell. In addition to his other activities, he nowadays represents the publishing industry as a member of the Royal Commission on Paper and Papermaking.

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The well earned distinction of Knight Commander of the new Order of the British Empire has been conferred on Alfred Thomas Davies, C.B., who has done sound work as the founder and honorary director of the British Prisoners of War Book Scheme; and the Honourable Mrs. Eva Isabella Henriette Anstruther is made a Dame Commander of the British Empire in recognition of the great national services she has rendered as Organiser of the invaluable Soldiers' Libraries.

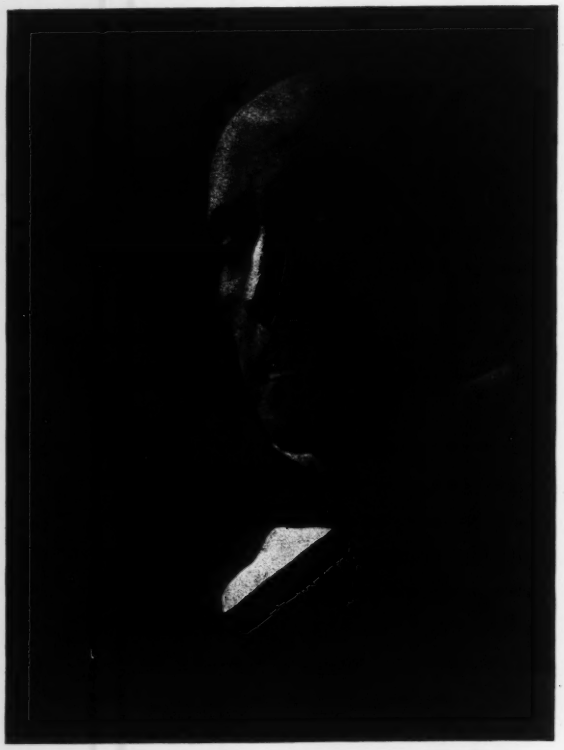

*Photo by E. O. Hoppé.* **Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins.**

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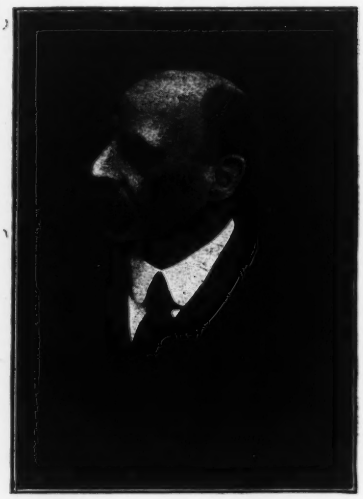

*Photo by Reginald Haines.* **Sir Arthur Spurgeon.**

Sir Alfred T. Davies, K.B.E., C.B., is, in official life, the Permanent Secretary of the Welsh Department of the Board of Education, a position which he has filled since 1907. He also holds the ancient, but sinecure, office of Cursitor of the County Palatine of Lancaster, and is a J.P. for the county of Denbigh. The new knight, who was created a Commander of the Bath last year for his departmental services, was one of the remarkable but small band of students who in the early 'seventies were drawn to the pioneer University College of Wales, then recently established at Aberystwyth, under the Principalship of the late Rev. Thomas Charles Edwards, D.D. He is a solicitor by profession; was born in Liverpool in 1861, and has to his credit some thirty years of strenuous professional work in that city, and in south-west Lancashire, particularly in the fields of licensing administration, social reform, education and local government. His activities extended to Wales, where for a time he continued, whilst following his profession in the Lancashire city, to serve a term of office as a very active County Councillor and member of a Welsh Education Committee. Among the various directions in which the new knight's vigorous personality

*Photo by J. Russell & Sons.* **Sir Sidney Low.**

has made itself felt, in none probably have his public services been more continuous or more effective than in connection with his literary activities as a maker of books. He established a foremost reputation among experts in licensing law administration by his writings on that subject, which include a legal handbook (published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.) which speedily ran to a third edition, and had a considerable vogue. He was the originator and general editor of the remarkable series of patriotic publications connected with the celebration of the National Anniversary of St. David's Day (as unlike anything issued by a Government Department as anything well can be) which, in recent years, have emanated annually from the Welsh Department; and most important of all, perhaps, is his original and beneficent work on behalf of British prisoners of war. The organisation in connection with the latter is the only one of the 6,700 war charities which devotes itself to supplying books for study purposes to interned prisoners (British and Colonial) in enemy and neutral countries. It is now nearing the end of the third year of its humanitarian labours, and by that time it will not improbably have collected, or purchased, and distributed gratis among our men scattered over internment camps in as many as eight or nine enemy or neutral countries something like a quarter of a million educational books in as many as forty-four languages, and running from a shilling primer to the latest treatise, costing perhaps a couple of guineas, on the most abstruse subject. The only qualification on the part of recipients of these inestimable boons has been that they were "student captives." Evidence is steadily accumulating that the British Prisoners of War Book Scheme (Educational) and its "energetic" head, as the *Spectator* the other day called him, have — to quote Professor Gilbert Murray's words — helped thousands of our fellow-countrymen "to forget their food buckets and their jailers" and, in so doing, have enabled them not merely to retain their reason during confinement, but actually to improve their educational qualifications, and even to pass University, Board of Trade, and other examinations. Sir Alfred Davies' literary tastes and active sympathies led to his being appointed as the representative of Wales on the small but select Committee of distinguished literary men who under the chairmanship of Lord Muir Mackenzie, and in close co-operation with Mr. Henry Guppy, the Librarian of the John Rylands Library at Manchester, are taking steps to reconstruct the Library of Louvain University, which was destroyed by the Germans. In this way, also, is literature seeking to repair the ravages of the present war.

*Photo by Elliott & Fry.* **Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema.**

*Photo by F. O. Hoppé.* **Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge,**

whose new book, "The Romance of Commerce" (John Lane), is reviewed in this Number.

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We add our warmest congratulations to the many which Mr. A. S. Watt, head of the famous firm of Literary Agents, Messrs. A. P. Watt & Son, has received from authors,

*Photo by E. O. Hoppé.* **Mr. George Sampson,**
the well-known critic, whose "Hazlitt: Selected Essays" (Cambridge Press), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

editors, publishers and others on the honour of Commander of the British Empire which has been conferred upon him in recognition of the very useful work he has accomplished in connection with certain of the war services.

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We note with pleasure, too, among the new Commanders of the British Empire the name of Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema, daughter of the late Sir Alma-Tadema, and a poet of real charm and distinction. She has done and is doing a noble work as Hon. Secretary of the Polish Victims Relief Fund, which was founded by Miss Alma-Tadema and Mr. Paderewski in March, 1915. Latterly, she is specialising in the saving and education of Polish children outside Poland, as it is impossible now to reach those in their own country.

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"When Paris Laughed," a new novel by Leonard Merrick, will be published immediately, by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, whose collected edition of the works of Leonard Merrick, which has been in preparation for some time past, is at length to make its appearance. The first volume, "Conrad in Quest of his Youth," with a Preface by J. M. Barrie, will be issued shortly, and will be succeeded by "The Position of Peggy Harper," "The Man who Understood Women," "When Love Flies out of the Window," and others, for which prefaces have been written by A. W. Pinero, W. J. Locke, W. Robertson Nicoll, Neil Munro, W. D. Howells, Maurice Hewlett and H. G. Wells.

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"Shops and Houses," a new novel of London life by Frank Swinnerton, will be published by Messrs. Methuen this spring.

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Mr. C. E. Lawrence's new novel, "Mrs. Bente," will be published this month by Messrs. Collins. The interest of the story centres on the daring experiment made by the idealistic young East London curate, Gervase Bent, who marries Poppy Parker in the hope of so effecting her salvation.

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"Sylvia Scarlett," a new novel by Compton Mackenzie, will be published shortly by Mr. Martin Secker.

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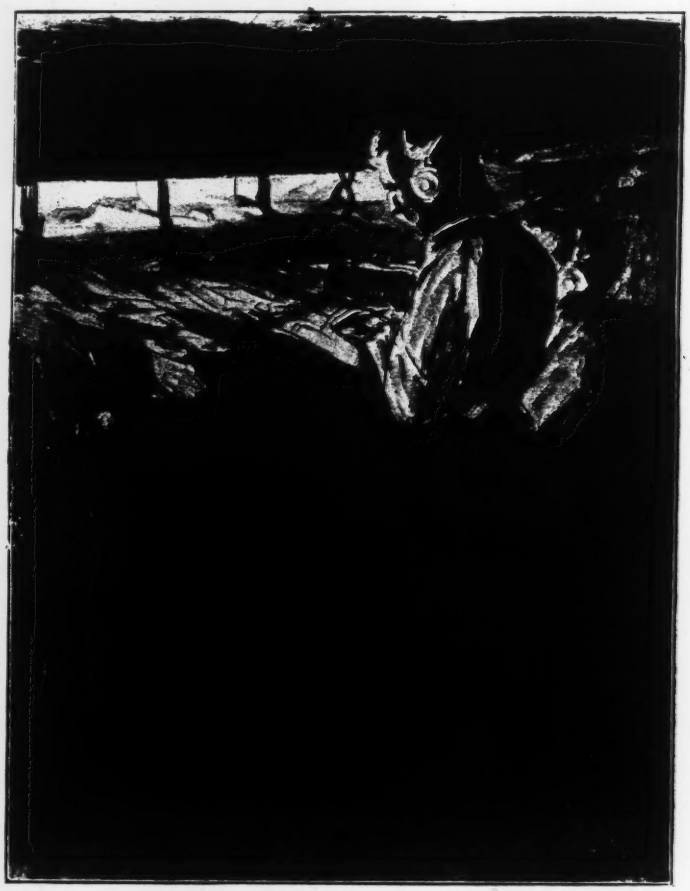
"The Solitary House," a new story of mystery by E. R. Punshon, will be published shortly by Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. Mr. Punshon has also completed a stirring and picturesque romance of the prize ring of a century ago, "Old Fighting Days," which has been appearing serially in one of our popular weeklies.



**Wireless Operators**
on duty in an observation post, a chamber hewn out of the sandstone and reached by dark right angled passages.
From a drawing by James McBey, official artist in Palestine.

**Mr. Norman Anglin,**
**A.B. Royal Navy,**
whose book of spirited poems, "The Wandering Wind," is published by Mr. Erskine Macdonald.

Mr. James McBey, who is now acting as official artist in Egypt and Palestine, was born at Newburgh, Aberdeenshire, in 1883. While employed in a bank at Aberdeen he was already acquiring such skill in etching as ensured his rapid success when, in 1910, he abandoned a commercial career for that of an artist. He profited by his new-found liberty to travel in Holland, Spain and Morocco. His etchings are much prized by collectors, and he has added to his reputation by successful exhibitions of water-colour drawings. He was on active service in France prior to April, 1917, when he was appointed one of the official artists to make war drawings of contemporary and historical interest. In May he started for Palestine, and is now attached to the Egyptian Expeditionary Force. Our two illustrations appear by permission of H.M. Government.

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Messrs. Dent are adding "Nostromo" to their new and uniform edition of Joseph Conrad's works, with a special Preface by the author.

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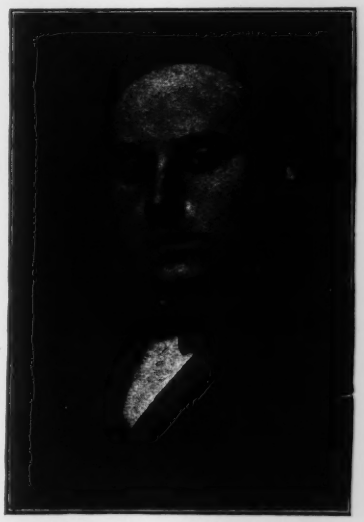

*Photo by Dorothy Hickling.*

**Mr. Geoffrey Whitworth,**
whose new novel, "Bells of Paradise," Mr. Andrew Melrose is publishing.

Mr. John Long has an interesting list of new novels for this spring, including "The Tideway," by John Ascough, "The Toll of the Road," by Marion Hill, and "The Rider in Khaki," by Nat Gould.

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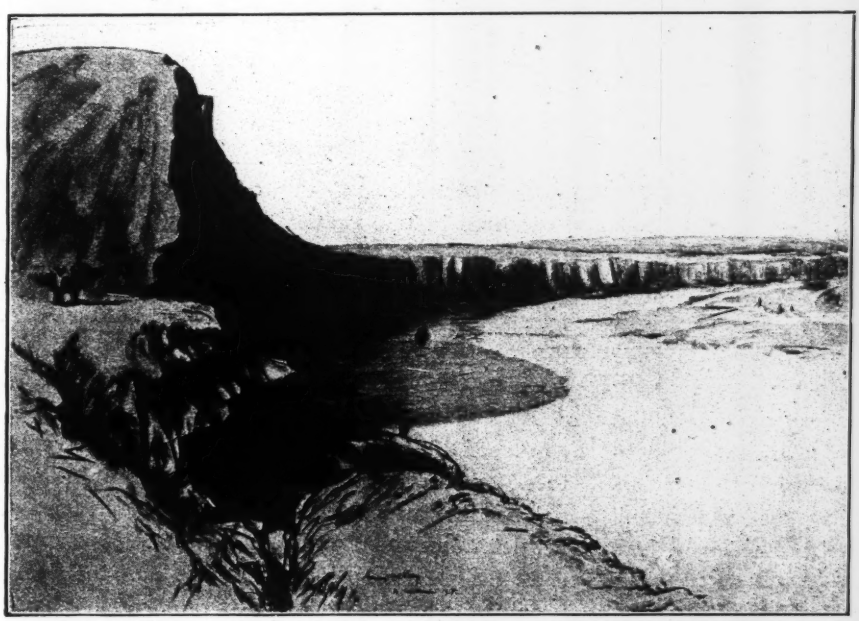

**Tel El Jemmi.**
This strange mound, the subject of much conjecture, is supposed to have been the stronghold of the Crusaders. A crust of broken pottery covers the whole top to a depth of several feet.
From a drawing by James McBey, official artist in Palestine.

Mr. John Galsworthy has written a Preface for "Aberdeen Mac," which was published by Messrs. Jarrold last year. The author of this charming tale of a dog is Mr. Charles R. Johns, secretary of the National Canine Defence League.

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To all those who ever speak in public and want to speak effectively we recommend "A Handbook of Elocution," by Edward Minshall, the teacher of elocution at the City of London College. The book has an Introduction by

Sir Edward Clarke, and is published by Mr. John Murray.

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By the death of Wilfred Campbell Canada has lost one of her most distinguished poets. He wrote a few prose volumes, but it is as a poet that he will be remembered—especially as a writer of some of the finest patriotic lyrics in the language. He was born in Canada on the 1st June, 1861.

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Mr. H. Hunter D. Robinson, who has for the past fifteen years been associated with the London office of Messrs. Jack, joined the staff of Messrs. Cassell on the 1st inst. He has just completed his thirty-fifth year in the publishing trade, having started in 1882 with Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

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We learn with regret of the death of Mr. Christopher Gardner, at the age of sixty-five. Mr. Gardner will be well remembered by many in the book trade as connected in his earlier years with Messrs. Bagster and Messrs. Suttaby, and from 1884 to 1912 with the Bible Department of the Cambridge University Press.

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WAR BOOKS.

"My Round of the War." By Basil Clarke. 6s. net. (Heinemann.) Mr. Basil Clarke is well known as a war correspondent, but it is not his war correspondence that he has gathered into this book. This, as he says, is his own war book—a vivid, varied and uncommonly interesting narrative of his personal experiences during thirty months on the eastern and western fronts and in many European countries. Whether he is relating his own adventures, or those of others, as in the striking series of "Little War Tales from Flanders" or "Somme Battle Pictures," he tells his stories with a skill and an imaginative realism that hold your attention unfailingly.

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"The Achievement of the British Navy in the World War." By John Leyland. Illustrated. 1s. (Hodder & Stoughton.) "It is certainly true," says Mr. Leyland, "that the work of the Sea Service during this unparalleled war has never been properly appreciated by many of those who have benefited by it most. The silent Navy does its work unobserved. The record of its heroism and the services it renders pass unobserved by the multitude." It is good that our eyes should be opened to these things, and Mr. Leyland, telling what the Navy is and what it fights for, of its duties and responsibilities and the skill and energy and courage with which it has fulfilled and is fulfilling them, leaves us no longer in doubt of the enormous debt we owe to our sailormen both for the success of our arms abroad and our safety at home. A great and inspiriting chronicle; well written, and well worth writing.

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"The New Warfare." By G. Blanchon. Translated by Fred Rothwell. 3s. 6d. net. (Harrap.) There are disquieting things in this remarkable book of M. Blanchon's. He is so far from believing that the present war is going to end all war that he forecasts the next one, when all the scientific horrors that have already made warfare a brutal and indescribable nightmare shall have attained a terrible development that is far beyond anything they are capable of to-day. M. Blanchon is a naval expert and has made a special study of the submarine. His exposition of war as we know it in these times is illuminating and full of suggestion, and his reasoned views on the possibility of arriving at a lasting peace and the alternative to our doing so are worth considering.

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"Sons of Ulster." By S. Lindsay. 2s. 6d. net. (A. H. Stockwell.) A series of homely, interesting stories of the sorrow and the happiness, the heart-break and the pride that the war has brought to certain of the people of Ulster. Simple, poignant, everyday tales of everyday men and women, they read like truth and are written with a sympathy and a quiet realism that are unpretentiously effective. They pay a fine tribute to the patriotism of Ulster's young manhood, and to the self-sacrificing loyalty of the mothers of Ulster.

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"The Smiths in War Time." By Keble Howard. 6s. (John Lane.) There is no reason to recommend those who have followed the career of the Smiths of Surbiton in Mr. Keble Howard's two other books about them to continue the story of their lives in this third volume and see how they are meeting the hardships, anxieties and sorrows that are common to all of us in these days of the war. It is not only the tale of the Smiths, it is the tale of every man and every woman of us who lives on the skirts of London and has a married daughter and a grandson of military age. We may not all be so keen as old Mr. Smith, at seventy, to do our bit in the Home Defence Corps, nor be so obstinate and go to such extremes as he tried in his determination to economise, but we can appreciate his patriotic ardour and like him the better for it even while we laugh at him. It is a very characteristic Keble Howard book—a delightful blend of humour and pathos and sentiment.

# THE READER.

## JOHN OXENHAM.

By David Hodge.

DURING the war, no verse writer in Great Britain —and seemingly no verse writer in America— has achieved a tithe of the popularity of Mr. Oxenham. Witness the following circulations of three of his poetry books—" The King's High Way," 120,000 copies; " All's Well," 203,000; and " Bees in Amber," 228,000 copies. Such figures for books of verse are, of course, astonishingly large; and those unacquainted with Mr. Oxenham's work will ask what manner of verse it is that has so captured the heart of the British public at this of all times.

*Photo by Reginald Haines.* **John Oxenham.**

The answer may be given in a single sentence: The verse of Mr. Oxenham is sincere, unaffected, and unpretentious in its treatment of the common sentiments and aspirations of an unsophisticated humanity; much of it is devotional; and all of it gives the impression of having been written without effort. Not the slightest element of mystery attaches to its widespread success. Simplicity is its key-note, and superficially it appears to be utterly devoid of literary artifice. There is no preciosity, and phrase-making for phrase-making's sake is avoided: if a feeling or point of view can be expressed in direct, homely fashion that is the fashion which Mr. Oxenham adopts. Many of his poems are short, helpful sermons, but the reader does not feel that he is being preached at or even lectured. He is carried on easily from page to page, and the absence of obscure passages and recondite allusions has no doubt contributed to the overwhelming success of the verses with people who, as a rule, are not poetry readers. A typical quatrain prefaces " The King's High Way":

> " To every man there openeth
> A High Way and a Low,
> And every man decideth
> The Way his soul shall go."

" Bees in Amber" (1913) is the metrical work by which Mr. Oxenham is best known. It has for sub-title " A Little Book of Thoughtful Verse," and it contains an Author's Apology, which throws light on why Mr. Oxenham took to the making of poems. He writes: " These stray lines, such as they are, have come to me from time to time, I hardly know how or whence; certainly not of deliberate intention. . . . More often than not they have come to the interruption of other, as it seemed to me, more important—and undoubtedly more profitable—work. They are, for the most part, simple attempts at concrete and rememberable expressions of ideas—ages-old most of them—which 'asked for more.' Most writers, I imagine, find themselves at times in that same predicament—worried by some thought that dances within them and stubbornly refuses to be satisfied with the sober dress of prose." Mr. Oxenham says they pluck the Bee out of their Bonnet and pop it into such amber as they may happen to have about them, and so put an end to its buzzing. In addition to moral and religious verse, " Bees in Amber" has two poems, " The Bells of Ys" (with its musical refrain:

> " When the bells aloft sang softly—softly,
> Soft — and sweet — and low,
> The Silver Bells and the Golden Bells,
> Aloft, and aloft, and alow")

and " Kapiolani," which show the author's power as a lyrical and descriptive writer. " Kapiolani" has a charm that will cause " literary" readers to regret that Mr. Oxenham's rhymed writings include so few examples in this form, but such readers are not those whom he places in the forefront of his consideration. These are the opening lines:

> " Where the great green combers thunder on the barrier reefs,
> Where, unceasing, sounds the mighty diapason of the deep,
> Ringed in bursts of wild wave-laughter, ringed in leagues of flying foam,
> Long lagoons of softest azure, curving beaches white as snow,
> Lap in sweetness and in beauty all the isles of Owhyhee."

The volume " All's Well" appeared in November, 1915. It is described as " Some Helpful Verse for these Dark Days" and its leading number is the famous Hymn for the Men at the Front, of which no fewer than seven million copies have been sold, the profits going to the various Funds for the Wounded. The other verse books are " The Fiery Cross" and " The

Vision Splendid," both of which are messages of comfort and hope to those grieving for the lost :

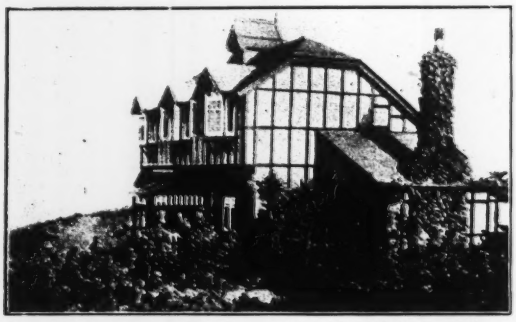
" I see their shining eyes,
Their glad and eager faces,
Waiting to welcome us
To the heavenly places.
And how shall we complain
Of our own loss and pain,
When unto them we know
the change
Is all eternal gain ? "

**John Oxenham**
at work in his "den."

For the moment, John Oxenham, the maker of verses, is apt to overshadow John Oxenham, the novelist, whose position has been established since the year 1898, when he published " God's Prisoner," but at the libraries his novels continue in heavy and constant demand. They number over two score, and include " Barbe of Grande Bayou," " Hearts in Exile," " Under the Iron Flail," " A Maid of the Silver Sea," " Red Wrath," and " John of Gerisau," of which Swinburne said : " What a splendid book for boys ! No. It is too good for boys ; it is so charmingly written." It is a story of the Franco-German War. Among the characters daringly introduced are Bismarck, the Emperor, and Von Moltke ; and there are battle pictures which it is interesting to compare with the battle pictures sent from the front to-day by our official correspondents as the result of first hand observation. A copy of this work was sent to the present Kaiser, and Mr. Oxenham received a reply that the gift could not be accepted as " His Majesty does not accept books offered as a present which may be obtained through the ordinary channels of trade." The majority of the Oxenham novels are tales of love and adventure, and the writer's wide travels over the world in his early days stand him in good stead, many of his books having foreign scenes and settings. Though he treats of adventure with the right relish, he is not properly speaking a sensational writer : he is primarily a story teller with a sharp sense of the dramatic and a genuine strength as a character draughtsman. As a serialist he was a powerful magnet, and I remember that some fifteen years ago a famous London editor remarked to me, " If you have a weekly that is lagging and you wish to galvanise it back to exuberant life, get a story by John Oxenham." The editor was right : as novelist, John Oxenham can attract and thrill.

Like many other literary men, Mr. Oxenham had a business career before he turned to letters. Born in Manchester some fifty years ago and educated at Old Trafford and Victoria University, Mr. Oxenham went to the Southern States, where he thought of settling as an orange grower or sheep farmer. He abandoned the idea and after life in many lands he came to London where he joined with the late Mr. Robert Barr and founded the *Detroit Free Press*, the real precursor of *Tit-Bits*, *Answers* and other kindred weekly periodicals of to-day. After the *Detroit Free Press* came *The Idler*, and in a talk I had the other evening with Mr. Oxenham he told me that the editorship of this venture, of which he was business manager, was offered in succession to Mark Twain, J. M. Barrie, and Jerome K. Jerome. *The Idler* went well, and it was the means of creating many reputations. Subsequently Mr. Oxenham was associated with *To-day*, which discovered several new men, among them Mr. W. W. Jacobs, who wrote regularly in it for many weeks. But *To-day* had a City page with an outspoken City editor, and the cares of Mr. Oxenham,

**Room in the old Inn, Widecombe-in-the-Moor,**
where " My Lady of the Moor " was partly written.



**La Chaumière**
The house in Sark lent to Mr. Oxenham by a friend whenever he has visited the Island.

**John Oxenham's London home.**
His " den " is the top room, with open window.

the manager, were multifarious. Law cases cropped up, and it was to escape from the atmosphere of Fleet Street worry that Mr. Oxenham entered on his activities as a *littérateur*. "My earliest writings," he informed me, "were done at home at night after I had escaped from the turmoil and stress of the day's work."

From his first book, "God's Prisoner," he made between £20 and £30. Encouraged by this, he went ahead and between 1898 and 1914 he produced novels at the rate of at least one a year. None failed, and some did superlatively well from all points of view.

I asked how it came that he had ceased his work as writer of fiction, and he gave the expected answer, "The war." He thinks too that the war explains the sudden divergence of a section of the reading public from fiction to verse. He could not bring himself to write fiction in war time, and it may be that large numbers of the public have as little inclination to read fiction in war time as Mr. Oxenham has to make it. His latest prose book, "1914," describes the effect of the war on two families with but few characteristics in common; and at present he is just completing "High Altars" (the battlefields), the outcome of a visit he recently paid to the front. The book is prose interspersed with verse.

**John Oxenham.**

From all parts of Great Britain and from all parts of the world have come to the author letters of thanks for his verse. He showed me a trunkful of such letters. I picked out a few at random: one was from a librarian on the South Coast, another came from a coloured man in India, a third was from Dr. Fort Newton of the City Temple, a fourth was from the Bishop of Armagh. There were letters from women in all quarters of the globe. Yet when Mr. Oxenham took the manuscript of "Bees in Amber" to his publishers with the suggestion that they might publish it, they were more than doubtful. Indeed, they absolutely discountenanced the idea. They advised him not to do it. Finally and unwillingly they agreed to publish it. They suggested that only a few hundreds should be printed, saying it was merely throwing money away and that the writer would have to give it away to his friends. Mr. Oxenham printed 1,000, and went off to Switzerland. When he returned he found there had been a call for more, and since then "Bees in Amber" has gone on selling steadily till the sales have reached the vast total that I have mentioned.

Mr. Oxenham considers "My Lady of the Moor" the best novel he has so far done, and he says that to Brittany—where he lived as a boy—to Sark in the Channel Islands, and to Dartmoor he owes much. "My Lady of the Moor" has had a wonderful effect on a great many. Men who have been down in hells of their own making have been led by it to seek out "My Lady" herself, and have been saved for better things. "My Lady," I learned from Mr Oxenham, writes her Dartmoor books as Beatrice Chase, and her other books as Olive Katharine Parr. She is descended from Queen Katharine Parr, Henry VIII.'s queen who survived him. Miss Chase and Mr. Oxenham began the White Knights' crusade, the aim of which is that our young men should "keep white." Men and women are asked to pray for soldiers and sailors who send their pledge to Miss Chase, and on Dartmoor, close to her cottage, she herself has a little chapel built of white granite where every day she lays the names of the men in a book bound in olive wood, and prays for them before the altar. There are one hundred and forty women praying now, and all denominations are represented in the enterprise.

*Photo by G. A. Brown, Greenock.*

**John Oxenham and "Teufel," correcting proofs.**

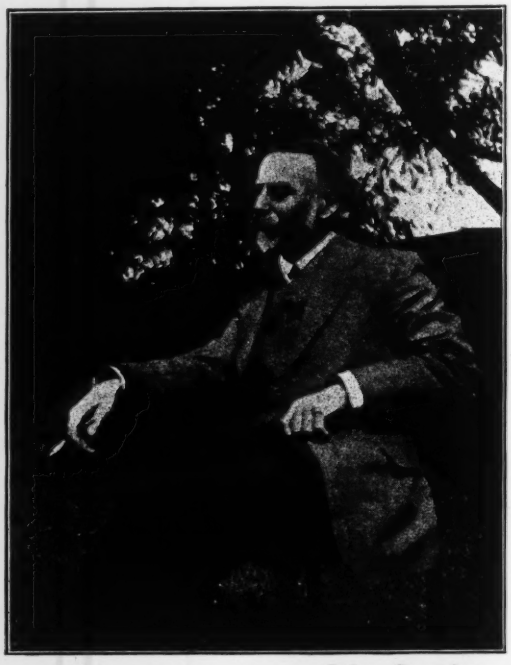
**The Little House of Brend,**

"My Lady of the Moor's" Chapel on Dartmoor.

**Mrs. Oxenham.**

**"My Lady of the Moor" in her garden.**

I asked Mr. Oxenham if he thought it was any particular advantage to a writing man to live and work in London as he does, and he replied that it was all a matter of temperament: some men worked best in London and some wrote to greatest advantage far from it and its distractions. He added that he personally could work better on Dartmoor — right in the depths of it—than in London. Though a worker in London, Mr. Oxenham belongs to no London literary clique, and he is a member of no club, literary or otherwise. His *Idler* and *To-day* period seemingly gave him all the acquaintance he desires with London's Bohemia. He then saw not only the successes and the limelight but the squalor and the bones, and nowadays he rarely leaves his own suburb to come east of Temple Bar save for business purposes. His recreation is walking, but he takes no walks down Fleet Street.



**John Oxenham.**

His writing den is a large, book-lined upper chamber of his suburban dwelling, and he is no believer in the view that a literary man can write only when the spirit moves him. "Business habits cling," he remarked, as he gave me the schedule of his working day—Rise 6 a.m.; work 8 a.m. till 12.30; afternoon—walk; work 5 p.m. till 8.30 p.m. He never forces work, and he always finds heaps to do, for if one thing "does not draw" he tries another, and if nothing draws he attends to his overwhelming correspondence, the bulk of which comes from people he has never seen. Much of his writing is on behalf of war charities, and his verses, "Vox Clamantis: The Song of the Munition Worker"—

> "'*Rattle and clatter and clank and whirr,*'
> And thousands of wheels a-spinning—
> Spinning Death for the men of wrath,
> Spinning Death for the broken troth,
> —And Life, and a New Beginning"—

coupled with an appeal, was the means of raising £16,000. Requests to write rhymed calls for money reach him by every post, and he rarely sends a refusal. Even when, the other day, Sir Arthur Yapp asked for a Hymn to be sung at his Economy meetings, the verses were forthcoming. They have not, however, been sung as yet, the humorous vein adopted by the writer having perhaps failed to commend itself to the necessarily strenuous leaders of our Economy campaign.

Mr. Oxenham has four daughters, all of whom write and publish, and two sons: one a Congregational minister in Colchester and the other an officer in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and attached to the Royal Flying Corps.

# THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

## FEBRUARY, 1918.

*Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to*

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

WAR TIME NOTICE—*The subjects of four of these competitions are the same every month, and to meet the convenience of competitors who live at a distance and, nowadays, cannot always obtain their copies of* THE BOOKMAN *punctually, we shall announce in each Number the Subject of the fifth (i.e. No. 3 Competition) both for the current month and the month following, as below.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best essay on "How I am Economising" in not more than two hundred words.

(The Prize of Three Books will be offered next month for the best motto, original or selected, for V.A.D. workers.)

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

I.—The PRIZE for the best lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to I. L. Watts, of Bedford College, York Gate, Regent's Park, N.W.1, and Margaret E. Banks, of 43, Grande Rue, Guernsey, Channel Islands, for the following:

EASTERN LOVE SONG.

Now falls the hour of dreams on land and sea,
And light is lost in gloom; the orange flowers
Scatter their petals, fragrant all for thee,
Queen of the bowers!

O drink, my soul, O drink Love's ruby wine,
Poured from a thousand sunsets such as this,
Garnered from ruby lips, in hours divine,
Of stolen bliss.

Come, crush with me the fragrance from the rose—
Life's last dear rose, before the Shadow come
Upon the day Love's last red sunset glows
Toward the tomb.

And then mayhap the Night's wan Queen shall take
A blush from high mid-noon; and Love's hot breath
Set flame to Shadow-land, and we awake
To Life, not Death.

I. L. WATTS.

THE MOTHER IN WAR TIME—1917.

My heart is like an empty nest,
The little birds who nestled there,
Fleet-winged and far, have left it bare
And need no more their early rest.

My heart is like a broken lute,
Each pleasant string unswept—forgot,
Dumb Memory broods, and Mirth is not,
And Love disjoined, and hushed and mute.

My heart is like a silent shore,
Where boats erstwhile in safety lay
Then spread their sails, and sped away.
Dear God, bring back my boats once more!

MARGARET E. BANKS.

We also select for printing:

THE VETERAN.

Where are my comrades who joined in the first of the fighting?
Where are they now in the smoke of the conflict concealed?
Their rifles are dumb, and the silence is grim and affrighting;
Night is at hand—and I am alone in the field.

Some have gone home to rest for a while from their labours,
And some have gone home to a rest that Earth never has known;
But none flinched or failed in their trust to keep faith with their neighbours—
God grant me their strength to keep faith in the darkness—alone!

(Saladin, R.N.V.R., B.E.F., France.)

**John Oxenham and his son Hugo, the Bird-man,**
Lieutenant in Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and Pilot in R.F.C.

TWO WISHES.

I wish the evening lights that gild the mountain heights
Would ever stay,
So much are they
The crowning glory of the perfect hours
That formed the day,
Each moment yielding of its treasured store
As Time passed by
And gathered for his turning-glass the gold
That ne'er shall die.

I wish the gentle breeze that croons to restless trees
Its sympathy,
Would give to me
The secrets it has won from world-wide storms
On land and sea,
Then hearing troubled souls toss to and fro
As life's storms rage,
I might their agonised and wearied strength
With Peace assuage.

(A. Violet Gandy, 9, Kensington, Bath.)

We specially commend the lyrics by Helen K. Watts (Brighton), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Nina Toke (Folkestone), Edward P. D. Mathews (Upavon), Monica Chapman (Bounds Green), Mary C. Mair (Hampstead), Cyril G. Taylor (Bellaghr), G. H. Browning (Watford), Frank Reid (Rio de Janeiro), E. J. Pratt (Toronto), May Herschel-Clarke (Woolwich), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Robert Watson (Vernon, B.C.), F. J. Bayliss (Southfields), Private R. C. Bodker (Woolwich), Maud Beach (Bromley), Kenneth Spooner (Birmingham), B. E. Stevens (Sandwich Bay), Editha Jenkinson (Harrogate), Leslie Comber (Kingston, Jamaica), Jenny Johnston (Liverpool), Eileen Newton (Whitby), Private J. P. du Parcq (B.E.F., France), Rev. Thos. Gilbert (Walsall), Beatrice Bunting (West Hartlepool), E. D. Bangay (Chesham), Percival Hale Coke (Harrogate), Private Harry Baxter (Caister), Bessie Clough (Norwich), Endon Valy (Bushey), P. S. N. Aswath (Bangalore), Florence Tyler (Bath), H. M. Barrow (Dunstable), L. C. Palmer (London, W.), J. A. B. (Highgate), D. S. Boland (London, N.), Ivy Weston (Brisbane), Private A. K. Muir (Norwich), Emily A. Cregeen (Sidcup), J. Kitley (Derby), A. F. Strike (Worthing), V. M. Murphy (Tamerton Foliot), M. C. Barnard (Kensington), Sadie C. Clay (Wakefield), R. T. Barton (Plaistow), W. C. Pocock (Bristol), Adolphus Clarke (Stowmarket), Claude Tessier (Glasgow), Ida Harrington (London, S.W.), Kathleen Goyne (Tottenham), Amy E. Evers (Stourbridge), Hugh Meredith (Herne Bay), W. J. Fawcett (Belfast), D. A. N. (Hampstead), Violet Walker (Whitehaven), Anthea (Teignmouth), G. Coward (Croydon), Norah Denny (London, W.), Kathleen Blyth (West Hartlepool), Eva Mayo (Coventry), R. A. H. Goodyear (Scarborough), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), R. H. McCrea (Chesterfield), H. Miller (Hampstead), Faith Hearn (Christchurch), Brenda Duncan (Croydon), K. (Catford), Barbara G. Parke (Clifton), Ivy L. Carr (Leamington), D. Hare (Bath), Violet E. Dismore (Southend), Gladys H. Toye (Heathfield), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), David Cleghorn (Edinburgh), J. D. Gleeson (Leyton), F. H. Humby (Sidcup), Isabel Roget (Langley), B. R. M. Heatherington (Carlisle), Marguerite E. Coles (Guernsey), B. E. Stevens (Washford), B. Dickens-Lewis (Crickhowell), Noëlle Ffrench (Roscommon), Joyce O'Dwyer (Birmingham), Latosax (Lewisham), May Basham (Bassaleg).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Beatrice R. Hillyard, of 23, Dorset Street, W.1, for the following:

THE AMATEUR DIPLOMAT.
BY HUGH S. EAYRS AND T. B. COSTAIN.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or if she rules him, never shows she rules."
POPE, *Moral Essays.*

We also select for printing:

LAST WORDS ON GREAT ISSUES.
BY J. BEATTIE CROZIER, LL.D. (Chapman & Hall.)

"So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And we have agreed together that we can't never agree."
W. CARLETON, *Farm Ballads.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 33, Hartfield Road, Eastbourne.)

LAST WORDS ON GREAT ISSUES.
BY J. BEATTIE CROZIER, LL.D. (Chapman & Hall.)

"The Carpenter said nothing but
'The butter's spread too thick.'"
W. S. GILBERT, *The Walrus and the Carpenter.*

(M. E. Barnard, 20, Elsham Road, Kensington, W.14.)

LAST WORDS ON GREAT ISSUES.
BY J. BEATTIE CROZIER, LL.D. (Chapman & Hall.)

"Nay, I have done, you get no more of me."
DRAYTON, *Farewell.*

(Betty Roberts, Hazeldean, Meols Drive, Hoylake.)

HEARTS OF CONTROVERSY. BY ALICE MEYNELL.
(Burns & Oates.)

"We fell out, my wife and I."
TENNYSON, *The Princess.*

(E. M. Odell, 72, Claremont Road, Forest Gate, E.7.)

IN ANOTHER GIRL'S SHOES. BY B. RUCK.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"You know you stand upon
Another footing now."
HOOD, *Faithless Nelly Gray.*

(Irene Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

TWINKLETOES. BY THOMAS BURKE.
(Grant Richards.)

"Alas! what boots . . . "
MILTON, *Lycidas.*

(Olive Scholes, 77, Pitt Street, Oldham.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best that can be said for Margarine in four lines of original verse is awarded to L. McL. Wheeler, of Clovelly Road, Bideford, for the following:

Milder praise perchance we'll utter,
When once more there's peace—and butter;
While there's only that—or dripping,
Margarine is really ripping!

Margarine must be extraordinarily popular, judging by the unusually large number of replies received. It has, moreover, so inspired the competitors that the majority reach a good level of merit, though some, in defiance of our stipulation, say the worst instead of the best for it. We specially commend the quatrains of Arthur Huron (Selby), Marion Burd (Birmingham), Rachel Swete Macnamara (New Milton), Caroline Coxhan (New Malden), G. F. A. Salmon (Penzance), Monica Chapman (Bounds Green), M. Wylie Hill (Perth), F. J. Thomas (Merthyr Tydfil), Mannington Sayers (Totnes), Mabel Malet (Hull), L. Wildon (Putney), Alice A. Smithett (Strawberry Hill), Ernest Mansfield (Brixton), E. Dermont (Herne Hill), Scribe (Highgate), Percy Allott (Sheppey), R. A. Finn (Surbiton), Brenda Duncan (Croydon), Mrs. Barns Graham (Fife), S. R. Nicol (Merthyr Tydfil), E. St. G. Betts (Nottingham), J. A. C. Smith (Edinburgh), Amy L. Garland (London, W.), William Fell (Beckermet), Alison M. Leech (Rochdale), H. Dean Adams (Chester), M. E. Morris (Torquay), E. H. Forster (Doncaster), Dolly Payne (Knutsford), J. E. (Barnsley), Olive E. Rawson (Meopham), Ruth Robinson (Hunstanton), T. Banks (Great Yarmouth), E. W. Gatesby (London, W.C.), O. M. Pilkington (Harrogate), E. R. Allaway (East Dulwich), H. W. Mottram (London, W.), A. Clarke (High Wycombe), E. M. Odell (Forest

Gate), Bertha Beal (Poole), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), Mrs. G. A. Anderson (Woldingham), Albert E. Barnes (Beaconsfield), Lilly Salisbury (Norwich), Miss Creed (Seaford), Kathleen Blyth (West Hartlepool), M. A. Lotz (Wimbledon), Mary Grace Moore (Ruislip), Ena D. Reynolds (Newport), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), E. C. L. (Eastbourne), V. V. Mathews (London, W.), Eileen Newton (Whitby), Mrs. John Knox (Bingley), H. S. (Hove), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), A. Violet Gandy (Bath), J. Archer Bellchambers (Highgate), R. Rayfield (Ipswich), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), P.N.R. (Hunstanton), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter), Nap (Leominster).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Harold Downs, of 26, Ashley Avenue, Lower Weston, Bath, for the following:

THE ROMANCE OF COMMERCE.
BY H. GORDON SELFRIDGE. (The Bodley Head.)

This is a work that makes the romance of fact more fascinating than the average romance of fiction. Yet its author covers in historical survey the growth of commerce from its early beginnings to the present day, expounds the new philosophy with which modern men of business are imbued, and aphoristically reveals a mind both shrewd and penetrating. One feels that the writer is in love with his subject, and that his knowledge of it is deep and sound. His enthusiasm is undisguised, and these good qualities have enabled him to unfold his romance with clarity and conviction.

We also select for printing:

RASPUTIN. By T. VOGEL-JORGENSEN.
TRANSLATED BY W. F. HARVEY. (Fisher Unwin.)

The preface contains a statement that the book gives but an impression of that sinister figure, Gregori Rasputin, who, with the nature of a satyr cloaked by the garb of a monk, for wellnigh ten years directed, through the Imperial autocrat, the destinies of Russia. Yet the impression is sufficiently vivid to rouse within the mind profound amazement that the infamous creed and malignant influence of a rogue were so long permitted to prevail, after many had recognised the hidden hand. Throughout, Rasputin's hypnotic feminine conquests, debauchery, chaotic political intrigues and final assassination read like pages of lurid mediæval history.

(Elsa Gellert, 32, Park Drive, Bradford, Yorkshire.)

THE OLD FRONT LINE. By JOHN MASEFIELD. (Heinemann.)

We cordially welcome a further addition to our war library from the pen of Mr. Masefield. He has set himself the task of describing the environments of our men just before the great Somme offensive, and he has succeeded. From town to village he takes us, through the trenches, and along the roads, all without a trace of monotony. One realises more fully than before the greatness of our men's achievements, when one has read the chapter on the Germans' old front line—now happily in our possession. We await with interest the promised account of the momentous victory.

(Duncan L. Burn, 34, Parolles Road, Highgate, N.19.)

CARRYING ON—AFTER THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND. By IAN HAY. (Blackwood.)

This volume "carries on," from the point of view of one particular Scottish battalion, a vivid unofficial report of military operations throughout the Battle of Ypres and into the first advance on the Somme. The British soldier, with his humour, his small grumblings, his great courage and perseverance, is well portrayed. The officers, Major Wagstaffe, Captain "Bobby" Little, and others, seem to become dear and intimate friends; one of them, Angus McLauchlan, appears briefly but splendidly, like a shooting star; he is yet another example of the many

*Photo by G. A. Brown, Greenock.*

**John Oxenham and "Teufel" on the tramp.**

who deliberately sacrifice themselves for companions and for country.

(Flora Baxter, 27, Forth Place, Stirling, Scotland.)

THE VICTIM. By MARY E. MANN. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This fine novel is opportunely published, when the sanctity of the home, and the welfare of the child is threatened by the proposed extension of facilities for divorce. Mrs. Mann makes straight for her goal. While exposing the weaknesses of human nature, she is alive to its saving virtues. Elaine leaves her husband for her lover, Eustace. Their passion quickly spends itself. "The Victim" is their daughter, and their sin is brought home to them at last. The moral is obvious, but not over-emphasised. The bill has been paid by the innocent victim—the child.

(M. J. Dobie, Willow Cottage, Mouldsworth, near Chester.)

We select for special commendation the reviews by P. Marshall Hill (Doncaster), Mary C. Mair (Hampstead), Maud Montagu Bruce (Bath), Ethel Webster (Bristol), Drusilla E. Appleby (Leopham), Edith Beechey (Pentre), B. Hawkins (Stockbridge), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), Mannington Sayres (Totnes), Stanley Jack (West Kensington), J. Swinscon (Tunbridge Wells), R. H. Kipling (Lancaster), Mrs. Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), Ethel Mulvaney (Dublin), Frederick Willmer (Ramsey), Alfred Green (Skipton), Eric Hicks (Bedford Park), D. Hare (Bath), Rose Conway (Bolton), Ivan Adair (Dublin), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Evelina I. San Garde (Accrington), B. R. Hillyard (London, W.), Gertrude Pitt (Highgate), Frank Kelly (Dublin), Elsie M. Meredith (Bideford), C. Burton (Upper Norwood), H. S. (Hove), Dorothy Brooke (Middlesbrough), G. J. Murray (Christchurch, N.Z.).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to M. E. Rotton, of 45, Hamilton Terrace, N.W.

# DORA SIGERSON (SHORTER):

## A MEMORY.

By Katharine Tynan.

BY the death of Dora Sigerson contemporary poetry is much the poorer, as her friends and lovers are immeasurably the poorer, by the loss of a personality of great charm and individuality. Let me recall Dora Sigerson as I knew her first. We were girls and friends together. The Sigersons came to me in a sense as the gift of Rose Kavanagh, a young Irishwoman who died of consumption in her late twenties, leaving behind her a handful of poems perfect in their simplicity and a memory sweet as wild thyme. Dr. Sigerson was Rose Kavanagh's faithful friend, as he was the faithful friend of John O'Leary and Charles Kickham and other beloved Irishmen of that day. He had done all he could do to save her life and had certainly given her much happiness. I had written for the little paper she edited when she worked under Richard Pigott, and for *United Ireland* when its editor was thrown into prison in the 'eighties. With Rose Kavanagh, Dr. Sigerson and his daughter came to see me, in, I think, 1887.

Dora Sigerson was at that time like a young Muse. She had a beautifully-shaped head which she did not conceal by masses of hair. Her dark hair was worn short, not cropped. She had beautiful eyes, firmly-moulded features, creamy-pale skin, and vividly red lips. She was indeed of remarkable beauty in those days.

From father and mother both she had derived poetry and love of country. Dr. Sigerson is poet and scholar as well as patriot and specialist in nervous diseases. Her mother, who was Hester Varian, came from a family which had written poetry through two or three generations. She herself had written much poetry and published at least one excellent novel. The atmosphere of the house was literary and patriotic.

Dr. Sigerson is also a man of affairs. When the case of Thomas Ashe troubled the public mind it was recalled that Dr. Sigerson had forced the subject of the rights of political prisoners upon the attention of English statesmen when the Fenian rising of 1867 had sent some of the finest intellects and characters in the country to herd with criminals. Dr. Sigerson has written of Irish Land Tenure under the editorship of Mr. (now Lord) Bryce. He was and is, in fact, a most variously accomplished and gifted person, and his daughter inherited his qualities.

She used to do so many things admirably in her girlhood days. I do not think she was musical. Outside music she practised all the arts, and they came easily to her. She drew, she painted, she designed, she wrote poetry and prose; she was extraordinarily efficient with her needle, and had the true artistic eye for colour or draping. She used to do sculpture in some hidden corner of the house in Clare Street and produce charming things. All these came to her naturally. I do not think she had any special schooling, so she had an unspoilt imagination. Dr. Sigerson gathered about him something of a *salon* in those days. It was and is the most hospitable of houses. On Sunday evenings there were as many guests to dinner as the dining-table could accommodate. Dr. Sigerson was and is a collector of beautiful things. Everything on the table was beautiful, and the host was good to look at with his fine picturesque appearance which matched his courtesy and his gracious hospitality.

After dinner other guests used to come in, and we would group about the fire—I cannot remember an unfirelit evening—and talk, and the young ones would repeat their poems, and you would listen to great memories, and there would be fierce, good-humoured wrangles and intellectual encounters, but all perfectly happy and in good feeling.

Dr. Sigerson loved to entertain distinguished visitors from another country. One met all sorts of interesting people from without as well as those who belonged to Ireland. Sometimes a French savant—Dr. Sigerson had his training in Paris—an American editor or writer, an English politician, a university professor, all sorts of people, immensely pleased with their host and the beautiful young daughters, and the group of poetry-writing, friendly girl-guests, and John O'Leary with his splendid head, and Douglas Hyde and W. B. Yeats, and others.

Dora was very gay. Her gaiety made her the most delightful of companions. During the six years of our friendship before I left Dublin I took all my Dublin gaieties in the company of Dora or Hester. How we laughed together and how we were sad! We were very emancipated as writing girls in a Dublin shackled with more than the Victorian conventions. Dora and I went together to Mr. Parnell's great welcome home, after Committee Room No. 15, in the historic Round Room of the Rotunda. I wonder now how we dared launch ourselves into that sea of surging and swaying loyalty. Together we clung to and followed Mr. Parnell through the great year before Death struck him down, the year in which he knew the love of love of his followers. Together we stood by his grave.

I always think of Dora in Ireland. England gave her a tender and devoted husband, but she struck no roots there. She was inalienably Irish. I believe she always longed for Ireland, and I am sure she always hoped to return to it. It is certain that the one who refused her nothing would have given her that in time if it were possible. She did not wait for it. The lonely passion which brooded over the events of Easter Week and the executions hastened her end. She had not that ominous storm in her young beauty for nothing.

The souls of the Irish dying in exile are said to revisit on the journey after death the beloved places. One can well believe that the faithful spirit of Dora Sigerson, having found its wings, sped home in the snowy weather and passed, brooding in love, over the dear lost country before it flew on its way to the Desire of all souls.

# "THE YOUNG POET."

**Two interesting "Finds," and a rather important Discovery, made in a rare little volume uncharted in the Burns Bibliographies.**

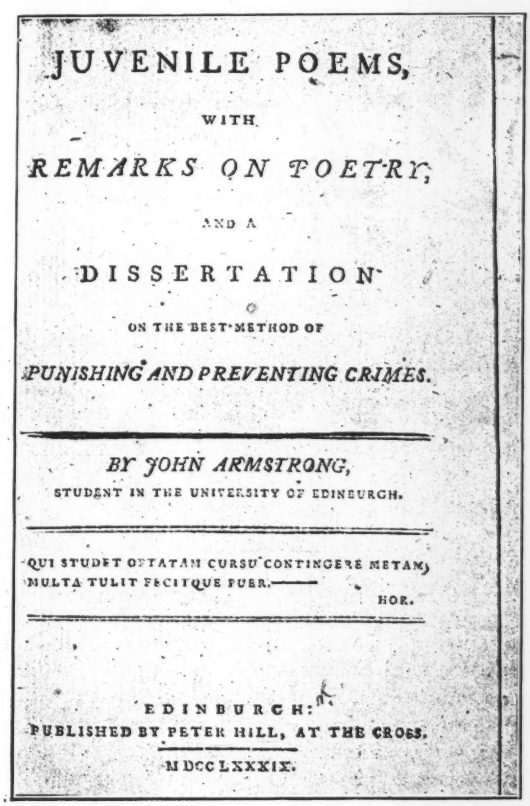
BY DAVIDSON COOK.

ONE of the letters Burns wrote to Peter Hill, the Edinburgh bookseller, is dated February 2nd, 1790, and was first published, though not completely, in Cromek's "Reliques," 1808. It touches on many topics, and editors of the Poet's correspondence generally devote their notes to "Mademoiselle Burns," though even then not one of them has correctly given the year of her death. In concentrating on this "frail" beauty other points have been neglected, including this suggestive passage towards the end of the letter:

> "Mr. Armstrong, the young poet who does me the honour to mention me so kindly in his works, please give him my best thanks for the copy of his book. I shall write him, my first leisure hour. I like his poetry much, but I think his style in prose quite astonishing."

In spite of this plain indication that the young poet had mentioned Burns in his volume of verse and prose, the nature of the reference has never been noted, and though most bibliographies of the Poet, in a laudable endeavour to be comprehensive, include some very far-fetched Burnsiana, Armstrong's poems have never been brought into the fold, not even in the Great Memorial catalogue of the 1896 Burns Exhibition.

For long enough the writer sought to find the book, invariably to be side-tracked by "reports" of the poems of the other and better-known John Armstrong, whose Muse was concerned with *The Art of Preserving Health*. Persistence had its reward at last, and the elusive volume materialised, thus enabling me, for the first time, after the lapse of over a hundred years, to elucidate Burns's allusion to "Armstrong, the young poet." In the previous column is reproduced a facsimile of the title page of the rare little book, which is not to be found in any of the Edinburgh Libraries, not even in the University Collection.



JUVENILE POEMS,

WITH

REMARKS ON POETRY;

AND A

DISSERTATION

ON THE BEST METHOD OF

PUNISHING AND PREVENTING CRIMES.

BY JOHN ARMSTRONG,

STUDENT IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

QUI STUDET OPTATAM CURSU CONTINGERE METAM,
MULTA TULIT FECITQUE PUER.——
HOR.

EDINBURGH:
PUBLISHED BY PETER HILL, AT THE CROSS.
M DCC LXXXIX.

**Facsimile title page.**

John Armstrong was born at Leith in June, 1771, and he was a licentiate of the Church of Scotland. The Dissertation noted on the title page of his "Juvenile Poems" gained him the gold medal of the Edinburgh Pantheon (Debating) Society. The verses were composed between his thirteenth and eighteenth years, and he was just turned eighteen when they were published. They gained him at least some small honour at home, for on the foundation of the New College being laid he was selected to compose the songs introduced into the ceremony.

Turning to the precious little volume, the first striking feature—and it is an unexpected surprise—is the name of the publisher, to wit, Peter Hill, the very man to whom Burns wrote the letter which furnished our clue. Naturally the 236 pages of the long-neglected work were eagerly scanned, with a view to discovering the precise nature and terms of the young poet's "kindly" mention of Burns. Yes, here it is! on page 221, under the heading of "Additional Verses," we find twelve stanzas (of which we quote four), entitled:

THE BARD.

I.

"Though humble, yet not mean, my lays
Ne'er stoop to false or venal praise
To wealth unknown, I wealth disdain,
And give to worth my artless strain;
I sing the man, who's doom'd to stray
Unmark'd in life's sequester'd way,
Yet far above the vulgar throng
Inspir'd with love of arts, and pow'rs of sacred song.

* * * * *

X.

"And though in life's sequester'd way,
Unknown, unnotic'd he may stray,
Or doom'd in his disastrous state
To prove the ills of partial fate;
Yet future times to worth more just,
Shall deck the tomb, and rear the bust,
Shall bid his mem'ry death defy,
And give on wings of fame through ev'ry age to fly.

XI.

"Hail Burns! thou pride of Scotia's fame!
Born to restore her antient strains,
Far richer in thy native store,
Than treasures of scholastic lore;
Ah! let not genius, heav'nly ray,
Like some false meteor lead astray;
Sacred to virtue be thy rage,
Nor ought polluted stain the lustre of thy page.

XII.

"To him, who in these strains essays
To give poetic merit praise,
And fir'd with youthful ardour tries
To heights above his years to rise,
Yet, though unequal to aspire,
Can others' excellence admire,
Be his, though small, no vulgar fame,
To feel the thirst of praise, and glow with virtue's flame."

But this is not the only Juvenile Poem which gives the volume a passport to the Burnsiana section of the vast Bibliography of the Ayrshire Bard. Here is a second one:

TO MR. ROBERT BURNS ON HIS ERECTING A STONE TO THE MEMORY OF FERGUSON (*sic*) THE SCOTTISH POET.

I.

"Beneath this stone to merit rais'd
Lies FERGUSON, a name that's prais'd
And lov'd by ev'ry Scot;
Complete alike in head and heart,
But wanting in the prudent part,
He prov'd the poet's lot.

II.

"Let mem'ry hold his merits dear,
And pity o'er his fate a tear
Of kind oblivion shed,
And may'st thou BURNS! more happy bard,
Receive while living thy reward!
Nor honour'd less, when dead.

III.

"A stone to him, to whom belong
The honours, next to thee, of song
It well becomes to raise.
A deed like this may justly claim
A meed more glorious to thy name
Than all the pride of lays."

So much for the Burnsiana "finds"; now for the discovery. There is a song always printed in the lyrics of Burns, entitled, "It is na, Jean, thy Bonie Face." Burns never claimed it as his own, and in an interleaved copy of Johnson's "Musical Museum"—in volume IV. of which the song appeared in 1792—he annotates it in holograph thus: "These were originally English verses; I gave them their Scots dress." In that dress this is how the lines were printed:

"It is na, Jean, thy bonie face
Nor shape that I admire,
Altho' thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awauk desire.

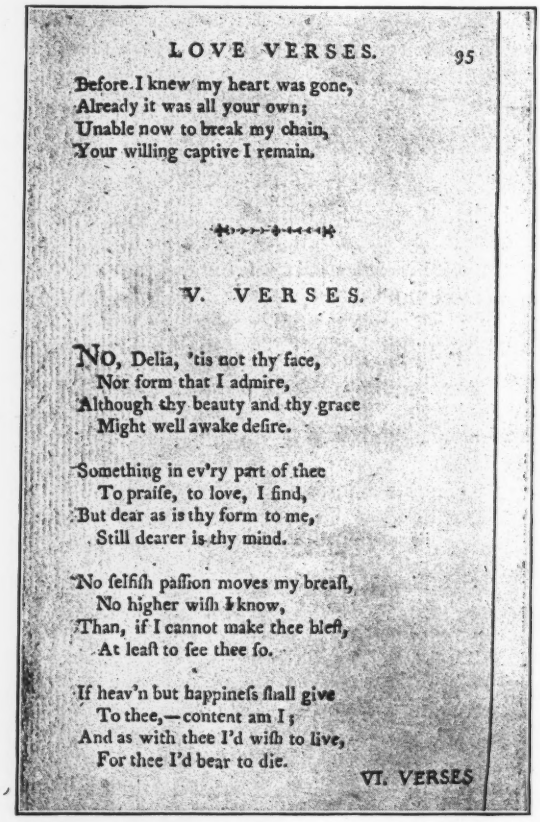
"Something in ilka part o' thee
To praise, to love, I find;
But, dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind.

"Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae,
Nor stronger in my breast,
Than if I canna mak thee sae,
At least to see thee blest.

"Content am I, if Heaven shall give
But happiness to thee,
And, as wi' thee I wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to dee."

To find the original from which Burns vamped the song for the Museum, has baffled a century of Burns-editors and other seekers. Henley and Henderson's note in the Centenary Edition reads: "Those 'English verses' are not to be found." James C. Dick, in his valuable and wonderfully edited edition of "The Songs of Robert Burns," says, "Burns may have got the idea from a popular song of last century, by George Etheridge, beginning, 'It is not Celia in our power,' otherwise nothing of another similar song has been discovered."

No future edition of Burns need repeat that statement, for, without specifically looking for anything of the kind, to my unbounded delight I chanced upon the elusive stanzas in the obscure little Armstrong volume. So here is the page in facsimile containing the rescued morsel—the original "English verses" *without* their "Scots dress":



LOVE VERSES. 95

Before I knew my heart was gone,
Already it was all your own;
Unable now to break my chain,
Your willing captive I remain.

V. VERSES.

NO, Delia, 'tis not thy face,
Nor form that I admire,
Although thy beauty and thy grace
Might well awake desire.

Something in ev'ry part of thee
To praise, to love, I find,
But dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind.

No selfish passion moves my breast,
No higher wish I know,
Than, if I cannot make thee blest,
At least to see thee so.

If heav'n but happiness shall give
To thee,—content am I;
And as with thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to die.

VI. VERSES

Comparison of the two sets makes it evident that, even after Burns put the "kilts" on the English verses, there was so much of "Armstrong" left, and so little of "Burns" grafted into the lyric, that we must give the honours for the piece to the young student of divinity, and relegate the song to the "slightly altered" department of the Burns Apocrypha. Incidentally, in any edition of Burns's poems which arranges them in the chronological sequence of their composition—as in Scott Douglas, who gives 1788 for this song—it is obvious that a correction must be made, and the date altered to 1790, or possibly 1791. Presumably Burns wrote to Armstrong, as he said he would his first leisure hour, but so far no such letter has emerged. Doubtless we would learn something more if it could be found.

Having thus rescued John Armstrong and his Juvenile Poems from the murky shadows of oblivion, and shown that he and his little bookie are justly entitled

to be enshrined in the Bibliographical Records of Burnsiana, we are inclined to think we might incur censure were we to omit to finish the "thumbnail" sketch of his life already sampled.

The reverend young gentleman went to London about 1790, and in 1791, under the fictious name of "Albert," published "A Collection of Sonnets from Shakespeare." Under the same name he published "Confidential Letters from the Sorrows of Werter." He was employed by the booksellers, but gained more distinction as a newspaper press man, thanks especially to the unrivalled ability with which he reported the speeches of Pitt; and for these alone one establishment from which he parted, because they would not allow him a guinea a week, were afterwards glad to give him five times that sum. He was on a fair way to affluence and comfort, but fell into an ill state of health. Leaving London he returned to his native town, where at the early age of twenty-six, he died on the 21st of July, 1797, which was, strange to say, exactly the first anniversary of the death of the greater Poet with whose name we have again linked his. The curious will find a flattering obituary in the *Monthly Magazine* for that period, and there is a short article in "The Dictionary of National Biography," by T. F. Henderson, one of the editors of the Centenary Edition of Burns's Poems.

"Be his, though small, no vulgar fame."

# New Books.

## THE PERSPECTIVE OF EDUCATION.*

Mr. A. C. Benson has deserved well of his fellow schoolmen and of his fellow citizens in getting together a capital team of educational experts, and allowing each to make his contribution in his own way. No doubt there is a certain homogeneity in the group selected, but even so it is not a little encouraging to find such substantial agreement among eleven specialists in a realm that is not noted for its freedom from controversy. As soon as Viscount Bryce has, with ambassadorial grace, made a deft introduction, Mr. J. L. Paton gets into the heart of things by maintaining that "A new age postulates a new education," and by setting forth what he believes to be the aim of this new education—the unification of the claims of the individual and the State. Dean Inge takes up the parable with a treatise on the "Training of the Reason" in which he wanders so far from the ordinary track that he has to finish by explaining that "this is the work which we have called the 'Training of the Reason.'" The editor follows with an essay that is quite admirable on the "Training of the Imagination." "Religion at School" is sympathetically treated by the Master of Wellington College who exemplifies what Dean Inge epigrammatically expresses when he says that religion is rather caught than taught. The subject of Citizenship gives an opening for a different type of writer, for in Mr. Mansbridge we have a man who can and who does express with authority the educational desires of the wage-earning classes. Mr. Nowell Smith deals in a masterly way with the Place of Literature in Education. The subject of Athletics is treated sympathetically and sanely by the Headmaster of Haileybury, while the Use of Leisure—by which is meant the leisure of pupils at school—gets full justice at the hands of the Head of Bedales. The important and congenial subject of Preparation for Practical Life falls to Sir John McClure who has somehow won a unique position as the wise counsellor of our profession. The volume appropriately ends with a discussion of Teaching as a Profession by the authority on that subject, Mr. Frank Roscoe, Secretary of the Teachers' Registration Council.

This disjointed catalogue leaves the impression that we are dealing with an *abiblion*, but the careful reader of the volume will have no difficulty in realising that there is a unity underlying the apparent diversity. The key-note is humanism in the happiest sense of that term. There is a curious insistence throughout on the idea of pleasantness in school work. The editor himself speaks of "a larger plea, the plea for the more direct cultivation of enjoyment in education." Whether he gave the cue to his contributors or not I cannot say, but it is a fact that the idea of enjoyment occupies an extraordinarily prominent place throughout the volume. Mr. Nowell Smith is exuberant in his demand that the pupil shall not only read but enjoy what he reads. The old killjoy Philology that used to cast a ghastly cheerfulness over the more or less dramatic personifications of the mediæval grammarians and has since then shed an unrelieved gloom over what should have been read as literature, is treated with the severity she deserves. Dean Inge himself joins in her condemnation, and pleads for the use of *translations* "as part of the normal training in history, philosophy and literature." We are not surprised to find that recreative subjects like Athletics and the occupations of leisure are attuned to a cheerful key, but when we find Dr. Bateson taking the same tone with regard to science, we begin to realise that we have come upon a fundamental change of point of view. He has no sympathy with a teaching of science that makes it appear to boys as "a catalogue of names and facts interminable."

The editor rightly makes the point that the present conflict between science and the humanities for room in the curriculum is not the real point at issue. It is not a matter of substituting compulsory science for compulsory literature, but of determining whether compulsory subjects should not "be diminished as far as possible, and more attention given to faculty and aptitude." The idea of freedom of choice of work is very prominent throughout the essays. But the problem comes to a head in Dr. Bateson's contention in his contribution on the Place of Science in Education, that "education, whether we like it or not, is a selective agency." The educator cannot create, or even direct, faculty: all he can do is to discover what powers are available and supply appropriate opportunities for their exercise. The thesis works down to the startling assertion that the races of men fall into the two great classes, those who can learn science and those who can not. In England, with what Dr. Bateson frankly calls its "mongrel" population, there is a great preponderance of the non-scientific people. This is deplorable, but, what is still worse, our people prefer the non-scientific type, and entrust it with the government of these islands because the literary type is more "vocal." The sad thing is that no amount of increase of scientific instruction in our schools and universities will make any difference. We cannot by instruction make the literary type scientific or the scientific type literary. Coming, as it does, from the very seat of biological authority we must treat this depressing view with respect: but may not the plain man humbly ask whether it represents a really scientific attitude of mind? Would it not be more in keeping with scientific precedent to make prolonged and careful investigations into the possibilities of the case. How long has science had any chance of showing its possibilities as a modifying

* "Cambridge Essays on Education." 7s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

influence in our English educational system? It had to fight its way into our schools in face of open and concealed hostility. Now it has gained an established position, and the tone of a book like this, written by men of the training its authors have had, is the best witness that it is now going to have a fair field. The "vocal" group themselves recognise the existence of a "scientific humanism." Let Dr. Bateson take heart of grace, and postpone his pessimism till fifty years of sustained experiment have shown that it is justified. Meanwhile let him give us more of his stimulating writing on education. We need such criticism as his to maintain the true perspective of education.

JOHN ADAMS.

## GEORGIAN HOUSES.*

Mr. O'Sullivan, the most delicate and sensitive of modern Irish poets, whose mediums are mist and twilight, has fallen under the spell of the haunted city of Dublin. You cannot walk anywhere in Dublin without walking through ghosts. They flit by you even in crowded Grafton Street. Dame Street and College Green are thronged with them. They look out of all the windows of Trinity College, and pass in by the portals of the old Houses of Parliament, a mere chill breath like a tiny wind getting up and dying away again. They are saddest of all in the streets of their stately houses fallen upon decay, dreadful streets some of them, with haunted houses that no one will inhabit side by side with the teeming warrens of the poor which the great houses have come to be. These haunted houses have the paint blistered and peeled from the double doors, the railings twisted and rusted, the windows covered with cobwebs and broken in every pane, a deep area full of dreadful things. One scurries by if one happens to pass at dark, and dare not look at the windows for fear of what one might see.

Dublin even in rags is an Imperial city. She is unique, like Rome or Paris. The stateliness of her wide streets, with their severe house fronts, where all the ornament is in an architrave or a beautiful fanlight, fills you with delight if you have eyes to see. In London the rushing feet of the multitude have trampled down the memories, and the ghosts are jostled back to their graves. In Dublin there is leisure and there is space for the past and the dead to mingle with the present living.

Never was a more lovable city. The very stones of it live. And here all its mists and its shadows, its dreams and its ghosts are gathered into the pages of a poet's book. The tone is not mud and purple. Both these are too definite. Very pale lavender or silver-grey might be allowable, or the hue the French call *morbide*; the faint browning, greying touch over white. These sketches, these tiny studies in which the old houses play their parts with the shadowy men, are achievements. The very air of dreams is in them. Anyone who loves such things, beautiful things misted over with melancholy, will make their own of this book and will delight in it. It is not for gay and careless youth, nor for busy and energetic persons, nor for the worldly wise, nor for the prosaic and commonplace. To such it would be a vain thing. It belongs to the choice: it will be a possession for those who like their books to tone with their surroundings, to whisper not to shout, to be fastidious and delicately suggestive.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

## THREE WOMEN NOVELISTS.†

The majority of the novels written, and perhaps even the majority of those published, are probably the work of women; and if it is true that the novel is read principally by women, there is a very good reason why women should be specialists in such prose fiction. Only they, one would say, have the repose needed for such simplification of life as is required for its typical representation. Men who write novels are more experimental, the things men are always discovering about life lead inevitably to explanations and super-explanations. It is as though the men novelists said, "But first I must explain about Miriam's grandparents and the extraordinary scenes between their gardener and his wife, who was the youngest of nineteen children." Before one knows where one is, one is pursuing the love-story of the fifteenth child and the sole offspring of that fifteenth child, who went to Oxford and became Foreign Minister after sowing his wild oats. If one thinks of Mr. Henry James one sees that he was always delving among the marvels of his temperamental discoveries for the quite too essential character which should supply their clue. If one thinks of Mr. Conrad one sees that he is always, through the medium of his strange interpreters, focussing attention upon that episode which, when it is found, is seen to be the sheer inspiration of the whole matter. If one thinks of Mr. Bennett one sees that it is necessary to go right back into heredity before one can estimate the significance of what is being done here and now. And Mr. Wells, too, spinning his magic works, is always being led into uncharted realms of speculation in order to explain the superficial appearances of things. The male novel is thus more experimental, more unmanageable. The novel written by women is a novel written by freemasons for other freemasons. It stands firm. It is more shrewdly envisaged.

This is true even of Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne's fascinating stories, in "Come In." One might be misled by the allusiveness of these tales, by the demand they make upon one's attention and visualising power, into the belief that they were speculative. They are not. They are all finely and surely seen, and rendered with such deliberateness, that the mind, grasping at psychological difficulties, imagines the truth that lies behind. In reading Henry James's stories one is always straining an ear for exquisite, partly-heard melodies from afar. In reading these stories by Miss Colburn Mayne one is not listening: one is watching. That is the difference. Miss Colburn Mayne is no conjurer. If she demands your attention it is because she is presenting conceptions absolutely clear to herself in a way that can only be appreciated by those who care for implications. It is as though one were Miss Mayne's partner, playing to her hand: the more successful the partnership (for Miss Mayne never plays false), the greater the pleasure in her refined and perceptive work. One must go back to Miss Mayne's own "Things that No One Tells" to find a volume of stories dealing so surely with the things that are hidden. "Come In," which is a book of stories about things that happen within doors, and within souls, is a very delicate performance. It is exciting and stimulating, because the obvious things are deliberately omitted. It is not romantic, as Henry James's books are: it is scientific and selective. Miss Mayne saves herself from the charge of indiscretion in "telling" what one feels she has discovered by her own sympathy and divination; she dexterously and wonderfully makes us see the things that happened and come to our own conclusions. That is her quite special talent, that there is not a sentence but has its implication and reverberation.

Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, upon the other hand, sees and tells with amplitude the story of a man's life. She takes him, from early boyhood to middle age, through life upon a Sussex farm to participation in the American Civil War and through other strange adventures; and at the end she brings him safe home to Sussex again. Her handling of the Civil War is extremely competent. The whole book is very sure and unwavering. It has been planned with precision, and it strikes the reader as having been carried out, as the *communiqués* say, "in accordance with our plan." Perhaps the book lacks fire; and perhaps the dialogue among the literary persons of another day is a little too startlingly modern. But "The Challenge to

* "Mud and Purple." By Seumas O'Sullivan. 3s. 6d. net. (The Talbot Press and Fisher Unwin.)

† "Come In." By Ethel Colburn Mayne. 6s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)—"Cœlebs." By F. E. Mills Young. 6s. (Lane.)—"The Challenge to Sirius." By Sheila Kaye-Smith. 6s. net. (Nisbet.)

Sirius" is ambitious and competent work, and it has been clearly seen in all its stages.

In quite another style is "Cœlebs," by Miss F. E. Mills Young, which is a very amusing story upon familiar lines. Its hero is really Diogenes, a diverting bull-dog; but the love-story of a fossilised man of forty and a determined young woman-gardener is full of pictures and lightly-touched scenes that very pleasantly withhold the climax until it is fully due. It is not a subtle book like Miss Mayne's; it is not a serious study of character and life as is "The Challenge to Sirius"; it is a jolly, entertaining love-story, full of good-natured satire and kindly mischief. There is not an atom of affectation in it from beginning to end. It is a book to cheer us all up, unless we are very exacting indeed in demanding originality of theme or profundity of insight. Those qualities "Cœlebs" has not. But in the shrewdness and clearness with which it suits execution to conception it is a typical woman's novel. There are here no divagations or diversions or ramifications. No strangely vivid conversational narrator is required to discourse of things guessed and dreamed as the result of some chance dumb look of bewilderment; there is no harking back to the remote influences of past generations; and no brilliant glimpses of the cosmos in tumult distract our concern with the synthesis of the things proper to the allotted theme. There is definiteness, a determination to work strictly within limits as strictly seen. The book will interest women who delight in the concrete and not in that "abstract" which is the chimera of the male novelist. And it will interest men as well as women, because it is "womanly." All three of these books are in one sense or another womanly; but "Cœlebs" is so in a special manner. In explanation of the word as applied to "Cœlebs" one must quote the book itself; for the term "womanly woman" is defined by Peggy long before her lover has rectified his own rather masculine and over-rigid definition. "She strives," says Peggy of this ideal, "to be helpful and companionable and sympathetic, and she detests censoriousness and unkind criticism, either in herself or in others." And it might be added, perhaps, that she has not a great deal of use for luminous nonsense or the experimentalism over which men spend so many hapless hours. Hers is a practical talent working for its own ends and by its own sure means; and its product is made for our pleasure or our enlightenment, but rarely for our bewilderment among the whimsical mysteries of the inexplicable or the irrelevant.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

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## A LONDON WARD.*

Mr. A. Charles Knight has two special qualifications for writing such a book as this. He has done good work as Secretary of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society, and nowadays is a member of the Corporation of the City of London.

"Whilst engaged in the preparation of material for a history of my own Ward of Cheap," he says, "a suggestion was made to me by my friends in the adjoining Cordwainer Ward that I should undertake a similar work for their Ward."

He acted on their suggestion, and the result is a book that will interest not only archæologists but all who are susceptible to the charm of London—a charm compounded of what London was as well as of what it is.

For London is essentially a city of romance. It plays a large part in Mr. Selfridge's recent "Romance of Commerce," for it is as much a creation of Commerce as if all its shopmen had been wizards and their yard measures magic wands. And though Mr. Knight is concerned only with facts, and writes of them in a most matter-of-fact fashion, all the same, his book opens like Keats's magic casement, only the fairyland it opens upon is not forlorn. To start with, there is a sort of poetry in the very name of the Ward. In ledgers and official documents it is only a formal label for designating a certain small area in the heart of the City, but when you know its meaning it becomes a magic word the utterance of which takes you back into London as it was nine centuries or so ago, when this particular Ward was largely given over to ancient workers in leather that was brought from Cordova in Spain. From an account of the origin of the Ward and its name Mr. Knight passes to a description of its parishes and its boundaries; the story of its churches, one of which is Bow Church, "the glory of the Ward, and indeed of Cheapside itself," though only a small patch of Cheapside comes within the Cordwainers' borders. Then he takes you through the streets and lanes of the Ward, explains the derivation of their names, and gives you something about famous men who have lived in them. Following this is a record of the Common Councilmen of the Ward, from the end of the thirteenth century onwards; a concise biography of its present Alderman, Sir Louis Arthur Newton, and in an appendix a full list of its Aldermen, beginning with Liured in 1115.

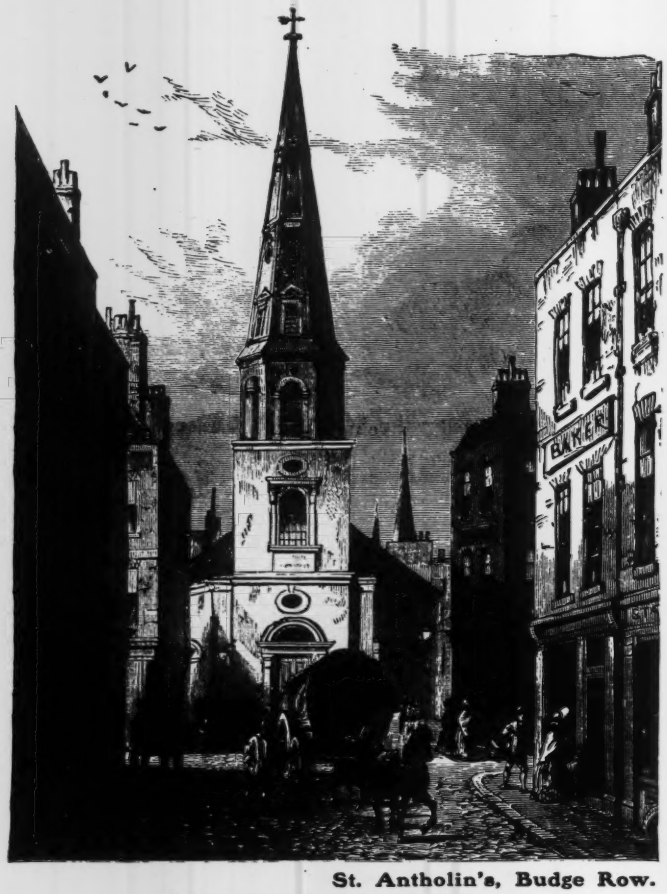
Mr. Knight has done a good work, and done it well. He has had access to all documents and authorities that throw light on the subject, and his book is a valuable addition to the literature that deals with the history and topography of the world's greatest city. We are grateful to him, and yet not too grateful to ask for more. It is surely time there was a book of this sort available concerning each of the Wards of London.

*Photo by Miles & Kaye*

**The Oldest House in the Ward.**

From "Cordwainer Ward in the City of London," by A. Charles Knight (Allen & Unwin).

* "Cordwainer Ward in the City of London: Its History and Topography Past and Present." By A. Charles Knight. Illustrated. 4s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)



**St. Antholin's, Budge Row.**

From an original drawing by W. H. Prior.
From "Cordwainer Ward in the City of London," by A. Charles Knight (Allen & Unwin).

## LORD LISTER.*

Sir Rickman Godlee, who has just brought out a full-length biography of Lord Lister, is what Dr. Johnson would have called a "fair" author—an author, that is to say, who, knowing something of human nature, does not expect too great things of it. Recognising then that a comprehensive account of those discoveries and investigations upon which the fame of his distinguished uncle is based can hardly fail to prove less interesting to the general reader than to the scientific specialist, he has been at pains to point out what sections of his book the former class of persons may safely skip, thus making a precedent which the reviewer, fallible rather than all-knowing, should be among the first gratefully to acknowledge. Of the 600 odd pages of which this volume is composed we ourselves have read 500, and these have been sufficient to prove that, apart from his use of that lately-coined and overworked epithet "meticulous," Sir Rickman employs an easy and attractive style, that in treating huge masses of material he shows real architectonic ability, that his own *obiter dicta* on the conditions under which hospitals were conducted forty years ago are always fresh and valuable, and that, thanks to his judicious use of his subject's letters and diaries, he has been enabled to furnish an attractive and fairly intimate picture of Joseph Lister, the man. Born of good Quaker stock in 1827, sent to Quaker schools at Tottenham and Hitchin, and educated for the medical profession at University College, London, the discoverer of the antiseptic system of surgery pursued a career quite devoid of striking external incident. In 1852, soon after taking his degree of M.B. at London University, he became house-surgeon at Edinburgh to Mr. Syme, whose daughter Agnes he married. In 1860 he was appointed to the chair of surgery at Glasgow. In 1869 he succeeded his father-in-law as Professor of Clinical Surgery at Edinburgh. And in 1877 he was appointed to a similar position at King's College, London, where he was probably the more welcome as having become, since his marriage, if not a member, an attendant at the services, of the Church of England. On the titular honours conferred on him, the baronetcy in 1883, the peerage in 1897, and the Order of Merit in 1902, it is scarcely worth while enlarging. They merely corroborated that claim to fame which Joseph Lister established in 1865, when in prosecuting his researches into the causes of inflammation he traced the suppuration of wounds to decomposition of the flesh, diagnosed this decomposition as due to atmospheric action upon blood or serum retained in the wounds, and originated the idea in his carbolic acid solution of applying such a dressing as would kill the micro-organisms conveyed by the air, and so eliminate suppuration altogether. This revolution in surgery, which it should be added, was foreshadowed by the experiments of the neglected Hungarian physician Semmelweiss, and suggested by the fermentation discoveries of the famous French chemist Pasteur, at first brought its author nothing but abuse and misrepresentation in his own country, and indeed received its initial recognition and welcome in Germany, Hungary and France. For this long occultation as the prophet unhonoured in his own country, the deep-rooted conservatism and rancorous jealousy of Lister's professional rivals may be held mainly responsible. But it may also be suspected that his own refusal to publish statistics in support of his methods, and his long-continued endeavours to devise a suitable carbolic spray and to find a catgut ligature at once strong and innocuous, had also something to do with it, suggesting, as they may well have suggested, that the great discovery had been given to the world in an embryonic state. Truth to tell, the very patience shown by Lister in pursuing the investigations that buttressed his antiseptic system, made the drama of his discovery seem rather long drawn out. In its undeviating development he may fairly be said to have gone steadily from strength to strength; but his immediate fame would have been greater had he possessed Pasteur's rare faculty of seeming to pass from discovery to discovery.

W. A. L. B.

* "Lord Lister." By Sir Rickman John Godlee, Bart. 18s. net. (Macmillan.)

## THE ROMANCE OF COMMERCE.*

Nothing could be more fitting than that "The Romance of Commerce," which ought to have been written long enough ago, should be written at last by no mere professional author but by an authentic man of commerce who knows his subject from the inside and knows it intimately, because the business life has been to him not merely a source of profit but a source of pleasure and inspiration and legitimate pride. "It is almost incredible," he says, "that people should still exist who consider trade undignified." Trade seems undignified only to those who have never outgrown a certain phase of antique snobbery. The mother of Euripides may have been a grocer, as Mr. Selfridge reminds us, and the immortal Solon a commercial traveller, but you may learn from the Elizabethan dramatists that the tradesman was never more looked down upon than in the days of those glamorous merchant adventurers whose spirit Mr. Selfridge says he would like to see revived. Probably it was natural that the swaggering Court gallants, who were narrowly given over to arms and showy gallantry, as befitted the ornaments of society, should be scornful of

* "The Romance of Commerce." By H. Gordon Selfridge. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

the humdrum, laborious, inglorious man who carried on the useful business of the country and earned money for them to borrow. But then, and earlier and later, in this and other lands, many of the greatest and proudest of aristocratic families were founded by those despised traders, and not infrequently a tradesman has had as large a hand in shaping the destinies of his nation as its king, its military leaders or any statesman of them all.

One way and another, when you have read this book of his, you will not wonder that Mr. Selfridge puts in a claim for the dignity of trade. Incidentally he insists, and rightly, that authors, painters, doctors, preachers, teachers, lawyers, and professional men in general, are tradesmen, too, working for money and selling their goods to the public as surely as if they did it in a shop and over a counter; but his claim holds good apart from that. He unfolds the fascinating history of commerce from its primitive beginnings to its very latest development in the modern city, closing with a full and detailed description of the organisation and management of one of those mammoth department stores where you may buy anything from a packet of pins to a steam plough, or have tea and bread-and-butter and the use of ink and stationery, and music or a nap in the roof-garden, without buying anything at all. Compared with such places as these, as Mr. Selfridge says, even the greatest business establishments of the past seem insignificant; yet, to say nothing of such princely shopmen as the Medicis of Italy, or the Fuggers of Germany, or of many another at home and abroad, what splendid chapters in London's story are filled by Sir Thomas Gresham, Sir Richard Whittington, Sir Hugh Myddleton, Child and Coutts, and scores of others—men of commerce all, who have been as powerful in their day and done as much towards building up the British Empire as have those who won their wealth and honour with the tongue, the pen, or the sword.

The whole theme is alive with interest, and Mr. Selfridge gets all its interest out of it. "The Romance of Commerce" is a book to read alike for the sheer pleasure of reading and for its educational value. It is a great story for everybody; and the breadth of outlook in its commentary, its common-sense hints and genial worldly wisdom should be helpful and inspiriting to those who are treading the difficult path in which he has gathered his experience. He stands by the old formula that, in every business, honesty, even if it were not essential on higher grounds, is the best policy; he is all for a fair field and plenty of healthy competition, and what he says of the folly of being envious of the greater success of an abler competitor is in the right spirit of Ben Jonson's fine aspiration:

"I wish the sun should shine
On all men's fruit and flowers as well as mine."

You may doubt some of his enthusiastic assertions as to the all-round beneficial influences of trade, but you feel that, though he is wisely after whatever else he can get, he is himself in commerce also for the joy of the thing, otherwise he would not have been moved to delve so exhaustively into its long history, and could not have written the romance of it with such gusto, or made it so thoroughly entertaining.

A. S. J. A.

**The Bank of England (1816).**

From an aquatint by Havell after a water-colour drawing by T. H. Shepherd.
From "The Romance of Commerce," by H. Gordon Selfridge (John Lane).

## THE END OF AN EPOCH.

There are few signs yet of that renascence of literature which some of our critics have told us will be one of the effects of the war. It is, of course, too soon to expect anything of the kind, and there is no real reason for wonder if we find that contemporary literature, and contemporary fiction in particular, shows little evidence of any vigour or freshness of outlook. Such of our older novelists as are still productive, go on, each along the path he has made for himself, more or less wearily, more or less characteristically. Of most of them it may be said that the powder in their magazines has gone off long ago; no spark can light it now to a sudden and splendid conflagration. The younger men (or rather the younger women, for any publisher will tell you that of the new novels he receives in these days, more than seventy-five per cent. are by women) come to us dragging at arm's length a jaded and weary Muse; a spectacled, serious introspective Muse, preoccupied with outworn creeds and futile problems, peering shortsightedly and observing without enthusiasm; a Muse that was born old, or on whom the sorrows of our time have fallen as a blight. There is indeed a sort of *fin-de-siècle* air over all our literature; we falter towards the end of an appalling epoch, and have no enthusiasms left except for such things as herald its close. There are exceptions, of course. Now and again the true note of ecstasy is heard; but significantly enough, it is from the young men in the trenches that it most often comes. *They* have something new to say, and they say it with a fine arrogance, usually in verse, before they die, without bothering to wonder how Kipling or Tennyson would have done it.

Those verses of our war-poets contain practically all the signs that can be discerned of the new life that shall come into our literature, yet they have formed only a very small part of the production of the past two or three years. And

of the rest of it, so far at least as the novel is concerned, the future historian will no doubt record and justify the decadence. The fact is that the novel-form, in the hands of those who use it nowadays, seems to have taken on that last inevitable phase of any art-form, and to have become a convention. Things which once were living symbols have lost their life, and with life the power to express and to inspire that intuition of truth, or beauty (call it which you will) that is the aim of art. The evidence of such decadence is everywhere; for the literature of an epoch shows its quality in the dead level of it just as much as by its highest peaks. Probably it was with some such principle in mind that the historian called the England of Shakespeare's day a nest of singing birds. Our own England, from the evidence of our fiction, is a house of amateur psychologists. We have become so proficient in the interpretation of life that we have lost the vision of it, and we are in danger of forgetting that it is the vision that matters.

By way of illustration, here are four novels well representing the dead level of contemporary fiction, and grouped together for no reason other than the chance that brought them together to the reviewer's table. The very titles of these books reflect their character: "Dust," "Sins of the Mothers," "The Threshold of Quiet," "Revoke"—weariness and disillusion, and a certain morbid profundity. Let us see how they live up to their names.

One can read "Dust"[1] through conscientiously from cover to cover without discovering the reason for its title unless one happens to see the quotation on the fly. "For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust." Thus enlightened one realises that the dust referred to is the dust of the flesh, which our author (like many before him) sets in opposition to the flower of the Spirit. The story concerns a parson and a girl who marry with the idea of forgoing the carnal appetites of the flesh. But dust is too strong for them, and we leave them in the shade of a ruined abbey kissing each other with every sign of enjoyment. "Sins of the Mothers"[2] apparently sets out to be a study of heredity, and within its limits is a sincere and capable piece of work. It does not throw any light on heredity, but it contains one or two characters drawn with real insight, especially the characters of Veronica Oldfield and her father. The picture of the old man in particular, with the spirit of his dead wife brooding over him and constantly taking vague material shape before his eyes in the lives of his children, shows power. But the whole book is marred by a pretentious psychology, and the attempt at symbolism given in the headings of the three books — (1) "As it was in the Beginning," (2) "Is Now," (3) "And ever shall be," strikes one as nothing more than an effort to set light to powder which has no explosive quality.

Mr. de Veer's "Revoke"[3] reminds one dimly in its beginning of Joseph Conrad, and progresses like a story by Victoria Cross. The best thing in it is the opening chapter, describing a trial for murder in the native court of Cheribon, which is in Java. This incident, however, is entirely irrelevant, and the story is chiefly concerned with the infatuation of the President of the Court for an English widow. Love scenes are sandwiched between descriptions of tropical scenery—all in the convention of Pierre Loti—and the significance of the title is displayed in the last chapter, when the beautiful widow, having consented to become the Judge's mistress for a night, revokes. One wonders whether the voluptuous picture on the cover is intended for the widow. If so, she is a disappointment.

Mr. Daniel Corkery is a new-comer to the ranks of novelists. The laudatory notice of his previous book, "A Munster Twilight," quoted by the publisher, arouses anticipations which are never quite fulfilled; nevertheless "The Threshold of Quiet"[4] is a distinctive and individual piece of work, which, alone of these four novels, has at times the authentic note of intuitional art. It is a study of manners in an Irish town, and its chief quality is the success with which the author has rendered the peculiar vagrant, poetic, indecisive character of certain types of the Celt. But here, again, the note of disillusion creeps in; all the sadness of the ineffectual soul is echoed in its pages, not with boldness and realism, but tentatively, even timidly. Here we have the Dostoevsky tradition, but the form is no longer the life—only the mould. One expects to hear from Mr. Corkery again, but it is to be hoped that in his next book he will strike his images white-hot from his consciousness, even at the risk of ruder shaping.

It should be added that of the four novels dealt with above, all but the first show a fair level of craftsmanship. Their authors are clever enough, but mere technique can never take the place of imagination. Such qualities as these books display are typical of the fiction of our time. Are we assisting at the spectacle of the death of the novel as a form of modern art? It is a question that every serious critic must ask himself. Art, like life, must change or it will die, but death is only an incident in change. Whatever may happen to the novel as we know it, the narrative form of expression will persist, as it has persisted since the birth of man.

C. S. EVANS.

[1] "Dust." By John L. Carter. 6s. net. (Duckworth.)
[2] "Sins of the Mothers." By Marius Lyle. 6s. net. (Melrose.)
[3] "Revoke." By W. de Veer. 6s. (Lane.)
[4] "The Threshold of Quiet." By Daniel Corkery. 6s. net. (Dublin: The Talbot Press; London: T. Fisher Unwin.)

## THE MIDDLE YEARS.*

In reading Henry James's latest and, we presume, last instalment of his autobiographical record, there comes strongly to our mind Charles Lamb's comment on a volume of poems published by Charles Lloyd in 1823: "Your lines are not to be understood reading on one leg. They are *sinuous*, and to be won with wrestling. . . . Your obscurity, where you are dark, which is seldom, is that of too much meaning, not the painful obscurity which no toil of the reader can dissipate; not the dead vacuum and floundering place in which imagination finds no footing; it is not the dimness of positive darkness, but of distance; and he that reads and not discerns must get a better pair of spectacles." In our passage through "The Middle Years" it has here and there happened that our own spectacles seemed to be of insufficient strength, but they are the only kind available so that it would seem that some want of discernment on our part must be the inevitable consequence. And so it has turned out. There are certainly passages in this book which are James at his very obscurist, and there have been moments when, to excuse or palliate one's bewilderment, the question whether even the author himself knew what he was talking about has made itself too insistent. There are superior people to whom James presents no difficulty whatever; who can write as a critic recently has written in a new quarterly journal devoted to Art and Letters: "So it comes about with James, as with Meredith, that when people complain that they cannot understand his language, they openly confess their inability to follow his thought." Be that as it may, our more open and humble confession lies before any beholder. It would, however, give a wrong or, at least, an imperfect impression if we were not immediately to acknowledge our intense appreciation and admiration of the fragment — for it is, unfortunately, but a fragment of a much larger intended work. It is a continuation of the biographical record contained in "A Small Boy and Others" and "Notes of a Son and Brother," published in 1913 and 1914 respectively. The seven chapters in the present volume were dictated without notes during the autumn of 1914 and then laid aside for other work towards the end of the year. They were not revised by the author. The first chapter opens with Henry James's arrival at Liverpool in March, 1869, in his twenty-sixth year. This was not, however, his first acquaintance

* "The Middle Years." By Henry James. 5s. net. (Collins.

with England, for as a boy of twelve years old he had lived with his father and brother in London in 1855, and he refers to that visit in "A Small Boy and Others."

Young as the boy James was in this—for him—memorable year of 1855 he was already acquainted in spirit with many of the aspects of London. He had read much of Thackeray and Dickens but, above all, his mind was steeped in *Punch* especially through John Leech's sketches of English life. In his delightful essay on George Du Maurier in his "Partial Portraits," he tells us how from 1850 to 1855 he "lived in imagination, no small part of his time, in the world represented by the pencil of Leech"; and how vividly, at the date of his writing the article, he remembered his impression of the London streets in that year and that they had "an extraordinary look of familiarity and every figure, every object he encountered, appeared to have been drawn by Leech."

The London of 1869 did not differ greatly from the London of his first visit; very different was it when at the time of dictating the pages of this book he looked back at a London world that we have left far behind. Its very soul seemed changed. What he has to say on this subject forms one of the most delectable portions of the book:

"I don't pretend to date this change which still allows me to catch my younger observation and submission at play on the far side of it; I make it fall into the right perspective, however, I think, when I place it where I began to shudder before a confidence, not to say an impudence, of diminution in the aspects by which the British capital differed so from those of all the foreign altogether as to present throughout the straight contradiction to them. That straight contradiction, testifying invaluably at every turn, had been from far back the thing, romantically speaking, to clutch and keep the clue and the logic of; thanks to it the whole picture, every element, objects and figures, background and actors, nature and art, hung consummately together, appealing in their own light and under their own law—interesting ever in every case by instituting comparisons, sticking on the contrary to their true instinct and suggesting only contrast. . . .

"The genius of accommodation is what we had last [? least] expected of her—accommodation to anything but her portentous self, for in *that* connection she was ever remarkable; and certainly the air of the generalised, the emulous smart modern capital has come to be written upon her larger and larger even while we look. The unaccommodating and unaccommodated city remains none the less closely consecrated to one's fondest notion of her—the city too indifferent, too proud, too unaware, too stupid even if one will, to enter any lists that involved her moving from her base and that thereby, when one approached her from the alien *positive* places (I don't speak of the American, in those days too negative to be related at all) enjoyed the enormous 'pull' for making her impression, of ignoring everything but her own perversities and then driving these home with an emphasis not to be gainsaid. Since she didn't emulate, as I have termed it, so she practised her own arts altogether, and both these ways and these consequences were in the flattest opposition (*that* was the happy point!) to foreign felicities or foreign standards, so that the effect in every case was of the straightest reversal of them—with black for the foreign white, and white for the foreign black, wet for the foreign dry, and dry for the foreign wet, big for the foreign small, and small for the foreign big: I needn't extend the catalogue. *Her* idiosyncrasy was never in the least to have been inferred or presumed; it could only, in general, make the outsider provisionally gape. She sat thus imperturbable in her felicities, and if that is how, remounting the stream of time, I like most to think of her, this is because if her interest is still undeniable—as that of overgrown things goes—it has yet lost its fineness of quality. Phenomena may be interesting, thank goodness, without being phenomena of elegant expression or of any other form of restless smartness, and when once type is strong, when once it plays up from deep sources, every show of its sincerity delivers us a message and we hang, to real suspense, on its continuance of energy, on its again and yet again consistently acquitting itself. So it keeps in time, and, as the French adage says, *c'est le ton qui fait la chanson* [? musique]. The Mid-Victorian London was sincere—that was a vast virtue and a vast appeal; the contemporary is sceptical and most so when most plausible."

Surely the handsomest apology ever made for Victorian eccentricities and peculiarities! And if it be considered a rather unconscionable act on our part to quote so freely, this should be looked upon as a mode of reparation for our introductory remarks on the author's obscurity, for surely he was never more lucid and at his very best than in this chosen and choice quotation.

Much more remains to be said, but already our allotted space has been exceeded; otherwise we might have referred more fully to other and equally interesting matters, such as the author's account of his interview with George Eliot and George Henry Lewes at their villa at Witley, enshrining as it does a most delicious reminiscence, and of the occasion of his becoming acquainted with Tennyson when he "fairly faced the full, the monstrous demonstration that Tennyson was not Tennysonian." Enough has however been said, it is to be hoped, to show how vastly entertaining and fascinating are these—alas that we have so to term them—last words of the greatest exemplar of style and most subtle analyst of our time.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

## THE MONARCHY IN POLITICS.*

Mr. Farrer is an historian: of the penny plain order such as Stubbs and Gairdner, and by no means of the twopence coloured like Macaulay and Froude. This is here his merit, for a book by a member of the latter school devoted mainly to anecdotes and reminiscences would inevitably fall between scandal and invective. It was the events of national importance compelling sobriety in men like Froude and Macaulay which made their safeguard. Mr. Farrer will not, we are sure, count it for discourtesy if we fail to rank his position as an historian quite with these great names and if his book leaves us unsatisfied not only with his theme but with the narrative. This is not to deny that he has done useful and sterling work. From 1760 to 1899, which is the period of his survey, Mr. Farrer associates an endeavour of the monarchy at once to accept the advantages of a constitutional position, "the King can do no wrong," and to exert, by means which that position of course renders illegitimate, the full influence of the Tudors and Stuarts, men who faced civil war and the block. The two perfectly "hopeless examples," George IV. and William IV., the knave and the fool, both, when baulked in their interference, threatened to abdicate; it is amazing that the politicians did not let them have their way over that alternative. What do Mr. Farrer's hundred or more of anecdotes, extracts from letters and State papers, prove? The author himself evidently does not know, his chapter of "Conclusions" leading nowhere. He is not a republican, he says, and his own statement, adduced without evidence, "Elective monarchy is proved to be a failure" at least removes that alternative. The idea of Horace Walpole, which he endorses, is ingenious and is not as has been said "an attempt to reduce the monarchy to a cash register," at the same time the idea of a separate *concordat* with each king at his accession may not have been meant in entire seriousness by the famous letter-writer. If a Walpole should be a statesman a Horace should be a wit, and if there had been sense in not letting James II. be crowned until he had put all religious patronage and power in commission, some doubt may attach to the value of obtaining the oath of chastity from his predecessor.

The "penny plain" side of Mr. Farrer produces its best results for us in the fact that his accounts of royal intervention go on with the most complete impartiality from cases where we now see the intervention to have been wise to those where it was pernicious and so forth. Neither is any sovereign the subject of any distinct like or dislike; our author sees the humour of George IV. discussing Catholic Emancipation with the Archbishop of Canterbury, but he resists a temptation, to which Thackeray, for example, must have succumbed, to call the King a cynic or a hypocrite. We may be tolerably sure that George argued on grounds of political expediency, he had been brought up a Whig. If the Archbishop, supporting concession, was asking how far the two Churches really differed over the Real Presence while the King, opposing it, was demanding how Roman Catholics could be prevented from submitting their political votes to the wishes of the Curia, the fact that

* "The Monarchy in Politics." By J. A. Farrer. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

the Conference lasted five hours need excite no surprise. Some of Mr. Farrer's side lights on George IV. add, if possible, to our loathing for the creature, but so far as we can see his political intervention was absolutely free from self-seeking and even a patriotic effort in intention, on the part of a lazy and selfish man.

The chapters devoted to the long reign of Queen Victoria are of real historical value, and Mr. Farrer's list of authorities is first rate. He has drawn largely on State records, sometimes on those of foreign Courts, and he has been keen on scenting out illuminative passages from the authentic but obscure memoirs of lesser ambassadors, second-rate statesmen and Court super-flunkeys, people whose names are practically forgotten within a year of their superannuation. The net impression of these labours is painful, so much so indeed that we prefer to rest on the Queen's own charming letter, written when she was thirty-three, in the prime of still youthful womanhood, and after fourteen years' experience of the Throne: "Much as I am interested in general European politics I am every day more convinced that we women if we are to be good women, feminine and amiable and domestic, are not fitted to reign." Here is no boredom with business, though there is on another page an amazing record of over 10,000 documents not merely perused but largely noted in a single year. There are other references to the question of sex, and behind them the old thesis (we suppose we must not say fact) that women are interested in persons more than in things.

There are in Mr. Farrer's 340 pages far more "nasty knocks" for living politicians than in Viscount Morley's two volumes. The peer is of subtle and far-seeing mind, tending indeed to keep even quite small kittens in bags lest haply they should grow up to be cats. The commoner is just the earnest transcriber of facts bearing on his theme. Mr. Balfour will scarcely peruse p. 323 with pleasure. Our author says nothing memorably, he has almost a genius for avoiding epigram, yet his account of William IV. insisting on kissing the Duke of Wellington has just the right light dry touch and perhaps even the great Gibbon would not have disdained "It needs little to turn a Concert of Europe into a General War."

C. K. J.

## SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG'S POEMS.*

This memorial volume, selected from the writings of the late G. F. Savage-Armstrong, and dedicated to the memories of his son, Lieutenant-Col. Francis S. N. Savage-Armstrong and Major William Redmond—both killed in the great war—is published in honour of the poet and, with the profits from the sale, to endow a bed in the Irish Counties War Hospital, Dublin, in memory of his soldier son. In an able and very sympathetic Introduction, Mr. S. Shannon Millin gives an interesting sketch of the career and character of this "poet of Wicklow and Down," and a critical study of his work. The examples are chosen from some six or eight published volumes of his poems. They are full of the love of Ireland, and of a larger patriotism for the British Empire which Irishmen have done so much to upbuild. There are tender songs of the affections, of delight in the loveliness of earth, of dreams and hopes and sorrows that are common to all humanity. Perhaps the most striking things here are the vigorous "War Song of the Greeks," and the poignant lyric, "France, January, 1871," with its forecast that is now being fulfilled:

"Wait but an hour, hold aloof and endure:
She will outdo all the deeds of her story,
In a new day of new splendour, reborn,
Break from her shrouds as the sun in career. . . ."

There is thoughtful, inspiriting verse in the book that make it well worth buying both for its own sake and for the good purpose with which it is issued.

* "Poems National and International." By G. F. Savage-Armstrong. Foreword by Sir James H. Campbell, Bart., Lord Chief Justice of Ireland. 5s. net. (Dublin: E. Ponsonby.)

## THE KING'S PARISH CHURCH.*

To the general eye the noble church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields does not suggest a long history. Its classic portico and its relation to Sir Robert Peel's "finest site in Europe" seem to associate it with modern London improvements. But the building is old enough to have been seen and sung by Richard Savage, that melancholy genius and early London friend of Dr. Johnson. He thus apostrophised its architect:

"O Gibbs! whose art the solemn fane can raise,
Where God delights to dwell and man to praise."

Mr. McMaster, however, quotes Ned Ward's much less reverent tribute, which he seems to date erroneously 1725 (the year before the church was consecrated). "The inhabitants," wrote the irrepressible publican and scribbler, "are now supplied with a decent tabernacle, which can produce as handsome a show of white hands, diamond rings, pretty snuff-boxes, and gilt prayer-books as any cathedral whatever. Here the fair penitents pray in their patches, sue for pardon in their paint, and see their heaven in man."

Yet St. Martin's is associated in the public mind with one piece of history, which Ward's mention of fair penitents naturally brings to mind. It is a standing disappointment to visitors that they cannot be shown the grave of Nell Gwynn—all the greater, because for some mysterious reason the career of Charles II.'s favourite is almost the first subject which interests the Londoner newly awakened to the associations of old London. Where Nell Gwynn lived, where Nell Gwynn died, where Nell Gwynn sold oranges, where Nell Gwynn rode in her coach, where Nell Gwynn spent her week-ends, where Nell Gwynn's slippers must often have tapped on the old oaken stairs—what would the cultured boarding-house table do without pretty, risky Nell Gwynn? Yet those of us who have looked beyond her curls into London's large past need not be scornful, for, like the author of "London Lyrics," we still "forget to quite forget her."

They cannot show you Nell Gwynn's grave at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, although she was buried in the old church and, if you please, in the vicar's vault, on November 17th, 1687. The vicar was Dr. Tenison, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. He preached Nell's funeral sermon and, to the scandal of many, said "much in her praise." But he had attended her death-bed and was able to present her in the light of a penitent. Mr. McMaster disposes finally of the story that she left a fund to have the church bells rung over her grave once a week, and to regale the ringers with a leg-of-mutton supper after their exertion. Its basis, he thinks, is the fact that after their weekly practice the bell-ringers used to sup at a shilling a head at the "Nell Gwynne" tavern in the Strand, which still exists.

All this is a plunge *in medias res*. We have here a full and well-ordered history of the church and parish by a churchwarden and an enthusiast. The story of St. Martin's goes back to the year 1222, when the church and its burial ground are mentioned in a Papal document.

I cannot attempt to follow Mr. McMaster through a volume which teems with well-arranged information on the old and new churches, the monuments, pews, windows, bells, organs, vicars and parish clerks of St. Martin's, to name only a few of his subjects. Under all the detail it is possible to see the large waves of history beating against the church. Thus, at the Dissolution of the Monasteries, the vestments of the Hospital of St. Mary Rounceval, at Charing Cross, went to St. Martin's. Again, a world of meaning underlies this single entry in the church accounts kept during the reign of Queen Mary: "Paide for wypeing the scriptures owte of the church, 6s. 2d."

The lists given of baptisms, marriages, and deaths from the registers, which date from 1550, have far more than a

* "A Short History of the Royal Parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields." Written and Published by John McMaster, 17, Panton Street, Haymarket, S.W.

parochial interest. Charles II. was baptised in old St. Martin's, and so were Francis Bacon, all Sir Christopher Wren's children, and Colley Cibber. Among the marriages are those of Lady Frances Cromwell, Sidney Beauclerk (to Lady Diana, the sculptor) and—in the present church—Tom Moore to his long-suffering Bessie.

The list of famous burials includes (besides Nell Gwynn) the murdered Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, Nicholas Stone the architect, Sir Winston Churchill, father of the great Duke of Marlborough, Thomas Lord Fairfax, Chippendale of the chairs, Dr. John Hunter (whose coffin was found by Frank Buckland after a long and gruesome search and reinterred in the Abbey in 1859), and the illustrious Jack Sheppard.

The volume is exceptionally well illustrated from numerous and often rare prints. This equipment, however, makes one grieve the more for the lack, in a truly valuable work, of an index. A table of chapter headings does not become an index by being called one, and by appearing at the end of the book.

WILFRED WHITTEN.

**Plaza and Cathedral, Panama.**

From "Central America," by W. H. Koebel (Fisher Unwin).

## CENTRAL AMERICA.*

This volume of the South American series is a veritable mine of information regarding the six republics which comprise Central America. The time has, happily, gone past when the Central American was regarded as little else than a professional revolutionary by nature, birth and breeding. The countless earthquakes and volcanoes have made the soil of these countries the most tortured in the world, and the instability of the earth cannot have failed to influence the temperament of the people, more especially those whose education was deficient. The early history of Central America is obscure until the advent of the Spaniards, whose dominion is most ably described. It was the time of Drake, Hawkins and the buccaneers, when richly-laden caravans travelled across the Isthmus, the Golden Gateway of the Pacific, and the fleet deposited its freights of cloth, silk and armament and sailed away laden with gold, silver and other precious products of America. Considering the reputation of these republics, it is remarkable that their break-away from Spanish rule was the most bloodless revolution on record. When the Spanish Governor was offered the alternative of accepting the new conditions or of retiring, he shrugged his shoulders, whiffed his cigar for a few minutes and replied that he had no sort of objection to remain! In addition to their general history, the author gives a very clear and detailed description of the individual republics, their communications, commerce, industries, resources, natural history, and population, from Guatemala, the largest, which has suffered the most from revolutions, to Salvador, the smallest, most densely populated and progressive, and Panama, the latest, which was founded principally in the interests of the canal. But why should British Honduras be relegated to a single page of this most comprehensive work? Surely this is an oversight. But much may be forgiven in consideration of the immense service this book renders to the manufacturer, the commercial man and the investor, to whom the author makes a stirring appeal in the best interests of British trade and what it involves. In pre-war times our exports to Central America showed a falling-off out of due proportion to those of other nations. Since the war the wise policy of President Wilson has greatly strengthened the bonds between the United States and the Central American republics, a fact which cannot fail to give enormous impetus to their inter-commerce after the war. It befits us, therefore, to exert every endeavour in the industrial struggle which the necessities of modern commerce will demand after the war. Now or never is the time for preparation, and here the splendid commercial appendix to the book is invaluable. We must show greater energy and use more modern methods in pressing our trade if we mean to hold our own. The author of this admirable work possesses the rare gift of investing the usually dry tables of commercial statistics with an interest comparable even to that of his historical chapters. The volume is well illustrated and is complete with an excellent map.

* "Central America": Guatemala, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Honduras, Panama, and Salvador. By W. H. Koebel. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

## THE ART OF THE SHORT STORY.*

It is well to take oneself seriously; but to take oneself too seriously is to appear self-conscious, and self-consciousness is the death of art, because it suggests effort, if not downright insincerity.

Of course we know that the effort is there; nothing good is accomplished without earnest striving. For though

* "Nine Tales." By Hugh de Selincourt. Introduction by Harold Child. 5s. (Nisbet.)

perhaps genius does not wholly consist in an infinite capacity for taking pains, there is no genius without that capacity, and most of all is it consummated in its effect of having taken no pains at all. The greatest genius is that which seems to proceed from the soul of its creator as naturally and spontaneously as the song of a bird. The strongest man is he who does with simple ease what the weaker man must struggle after with all his might and with every artificial aid he can bring to his assistance. And too often it is the struggle rather than the achievement that both the admirer and the struggler himself takes too seriously.

I do not like to say either that Mr. Harold Child who introduces us to this book of "Nine Tales" takes their author, Mr. de Selincourt, or that Mr. de Selincourt takes himself, too seriously. But—I wonder!

To quote Mr. Child's own words, with which I heartily agree:

> "Could not these stories be trusted to introduce themselves—to show, on first acquaintance, that agreeable or disagreeable, glad or sorry, they were worth knowing? I much dislike introductions to books, except plain facts about the author's life and works; and happily the time for these is not, with this author, yet."

Then, why this introduction?

Again, why should each individual story be preluded by a dedication and dated at the end? One expects and sometimes welcomes this sort of thing in a standard or uniform edition of a dead or otherwise established author's works. In this brief work they savour a little of pomp and circumstance. So also does the portrait on the paper wrapper. Curiously enough these trivialities are not quite the trivialities they seem. They impress the critic at first sight with a sense of the book's exceptionally high importance, and so set up in his mind exceptionally high standards whereby he should judge its merits. They are, as it were, a challenge, a gage of battle that the critic is impelled to accept only at the sword's point, and under cover of his buckler.

Well, then, these stories are notable rather than noteworthy, distinctive rather than distinguished. They exhibit the right literary qualities of comprehension and insight, sensibility and reflection. Some of them contain passages of real power and poignancy; there is beauty in most of them, and in all of them signs of that rarest of rare artistic attributes—passion; that ecstatic passion, that passion of the mind, which is the key-note of inspiration, genius, without which genius never has been, never could be. Reading any story in this book you cannot but feel the throbbing of this passion, however faint and fitful. It is this intensive life that gives them sober reality in spite of their frantic unreality, that lends them warmth and colour and so uplifts them from the commonplace For this cause alone they are well worth reading. By virtue of it they justify their author, after all, in taking himself quite seriously. How, indeed, could he do otherwise under its stress?

It seems to me that it is at this stage I should confess my ignorance of Mr. de Selincourt's other work, since it is as often to his novels as to his short stories that Mr. Child refers in his Introduction. Now the best novelists are seldom the best short story writers and vice versa. I should therefore infer that Mr. de Selincourt is far more at home in the novel than in the *conte*, since most of these short stories is a sort of novel in embryo or outline. And that is precisely what a short story should never be. That is precisely why these so-called tales are really not tales at all. A tale should be complete in itself; none of these is. They all reveal an initial past, forecast an imminent future, or lapse into ellipses. They present some exceedingly clever character studies, moving moments, and vivid scenes There is a sort of philosophy of life in them but perhaps their inherent fault is that this philosophy is not yet sufficiently developed to deal effectually with crises or to solve the difficulties of a situation. One story in particular, "Sense of Sin," starts at the outset an idea most original and piquant, only in the end to decline upon lame ineptitude. And the same unoriginality of treatment is more or less apparent in all these stories.

The truth is, of course, that Mr. de Selincourt has not written nearly enough stories as yet to be able to write one. The intricate technique invariably baffles him. He is, for instance, so morbidly afraid of being banal or even obvious—as a novice lost among the littlenesses of a short story is bound to be, over and over again—that he would rather be derivative and preferably Meredithian.

Nevertheless, it should be understood that, judged by any standards less exacting than those that our author sets himself, these stories would be judged as quite excellent, and as literature far above most short stories.

Their faults and affectations are, after all, merely the faults and affectations of the unannealed soul that takes itself too seriously, whilst their merits are born of that flame of pale ardour and sublime aspiration which puts out the feeble light of criticism as the sun puts out the fire.

EDWIN PUGH.

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## PARTIAL PORTRAITS.*

Time was when Mr. Charles Whibley used to exercise a pleasant talent for the biographical essay. His work was at no time very strong or original, nor did he exhibit much capacity for depicting the sublimer figures of history. But, given a subject of rich and pungent flavour—Rabelais or Casanova or Burton—he could transit the known facts in an essay that was usually sound, instructive and unfatiguing.

That he still retains something of this gift is evident from certain pieces in the present volume. The papers on Metternich, Talleyrand, Alexander I., and Napoleon (in one phase) are just the kind of historical sketch that general readers like and need. We cannot now take all knowledge as our province. We have to be content with short studies in great subjects, and these short studies it is the bounden duty of scholars and specialists to provide. If they do not (or cannot) then their learning is a waste, a very Sahara of selfishness. And let no reader be scared from his browsing in pleasant pastures by any pedant's shout of scrappiness. The most learned professor's own sum of knowledge is a mere scrap compared with the sum of his ignorance. That over-quoted tag about the Pierian spring is a counsel of intemperance. In learning as in liquor there is something to be said for the moderate drinker. We simply have to be content with scraps in these complicated times; and generally speaking, the more scraps we gather, the more profitable we are in common intercourse. Bank clerks, science masters, and motor engineers have no professional need to study European history; but there is at least the chance that they will be better citizens for knowing something (say) about Metternich and his political ideals. A sketch like this of Mr. Whibley's will give such readers a reasonable quantity of information pleasantly put, and so it may fairly be called a public benefit. The same may be said of the papers on Talleyrand and Alexander I.—the Tsar whom we meet in the epic pages of "War and Peace."

But here our commendation of the essayist must cease. Mr. Whibley, like certain other penmen, has begun to assume the preposterous pose of a national prophet. He has rated and lectured his countrymen in a series of solemn utterances which he calls "The Letters of an Englishman"—to distinguish him, I suppose, from the number of his political friends who are merely naturalised; and in the present volume he devotes two-thirds of the space to papers from which I cull the following gems of high thinking:

> "Shakespeare, being a patriot, was a Tory also. . . . He did not whine about the unfit, nor see salvation in the careful nurture of the imbecile."

* "Political Portraits." By Charles Whibley. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

"His [Fox's] hatred of England, of course, entitles him to some respect in their [the modern Radicals'] eyes."

"The Radicals of to-day . . . worship him [Fox] as one who hated England."

"The opinion of the whole Radical party, which has a natural sympathy with conspirators, was inflamed against him, etc."——

"him" being the good Sir James Graham who opened the letters of that wicked conspirator Mazzini.

These quotations will be enough to show the reader what the book is like in spirit and outlook. I have no desire to magnify the importance of Mr. Charles Whibley, but, for my part, I say roundly that writing of this kind is utterly discreditable. It would be funny if it were not vulgar. I am quite sure that much of the unhappy state of this country (and its neighbour island) is due to the fact that we have tacitly permitted Mr. Whibley and his like to poison the public mind with daily doses of this malignant nonsense. I have not the least political interest in the matter. I am a bookman. I stand for the honour of letters, and I denounce such stuff whether it is written about Radicals or Conservatives, Socialists or Nationalists. We rightly denounce those who would try to make an untimely peace; have we nothing to say to those who deliberately try to break the peace, to provoke bitterness and perpetuate animosity? I say that writing of this kind is a public nuisance and a public danger. Because we have been too lazy to protest against it, we have let "this earth, this realm, this England" become the prey of howling dervishes who shout down every honest and independent thinker, and who sell their slanderous "patriotism" at so much a column in the press and at so much a speech on the platform. To encounter this kind of stuff in the daily papers is bad enough; but surely people who pay seven-and-six for a book will expect something better!

The matter is perfectly simple. If Mr. Whibley really believes that Fox hated England and that modern Radicals worship him for that hatred, then his views have not the faintest value for any intelligent reader; if he does not really believe it, but goes on writing it, printing it, and reprinting it in defiance of truth, then his utterances have not the least value for any decent reader. It is, as I have said, not a matter of politics; it is a matter of letters; it is a matter of intellectual honesty. Matthew Arnold was tepid in his admiration of Shelley; but if he had asserted that modern readers worshipped "Prometheus Unbound" because the author was an atheist and adulterer, we should rightly attach no importance to anything he said; and yet, while we expect some regard for truth and sanity from writers on literature, we seem to think that writers on politics are permitted all the excesses of lunatics or drunkards.

Mr. Whibley probably considers himself a sincere Tory. He is entitled to his views. Judged by these papers, he seems to me not so much a Tory as an anachronism. He hasn't got much beyond 1817. His heart is with Gifford and Christopher North, and he is perfectly ready to bludgeon any Keats or Hazlitt or Hunt who dares to hold "liberal" views. And like most people who have not attained any real convictions, he catches the party spirit of whatever age he happens to be considering. In 1793 he is an enthusiast for Pitt; in 1815 he is ardent for Castlereagh; in 1846 he is a whole hog Protectionist. He seems unable to view 1793 or 1815 or 1846 from the standpoint of 1917. However, in all his phases there is one piece of consistency. Like Tony Lumpkin's friends he is all for the genteel thing and hates everything that is low. His favourite characters of Shakespeare ("Shakespeare, Patriot and Tory" is the delicate title of one essay) seem to be Jack Cade because he is a foolish demagogue, and Coriolanus because he is a foolish aristocrat. If he can find in "Coriolanus" nothing but material for proving the case of Toryism I recommend him to a reconsideration of that tragedy. Perhaps he might even add "King Lear" to his reading. But what a state of mind it indicates when even Shakespeare is debased into providing fuel for the


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mad hate of journalistic politics! The pose of superiority is overwhelmingly sublime, especially when it is most ridiculous. I confess, however, that so much lofty scorn for "democracy" and "the people" indicates to me the spirit, not of a gentleman, but of a gentleman's gentleman.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

# Novel Notes.

**MERELY PLAYERS.** By Lucy Dale and G. M. Faulding. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

One would hardly like to say whether it is the strength or weakness of this book that it should have been written in collaboration. That it was finally revised by one hand and mind alone, is fairly obvious from the uniform excellence of its style; but that it was first of all conceived and planned and set down (as one might say) word for word by two different hands and minds in exquisite sympathy, yet with distinctive methods of their own, is as absolutely certain as anything can be in an uncertain world. For here and there the same characters, though mainly consistent in themselves, are handled both objectively and subjectively. This gives us perhaps a fuller realisation of them as living entities, whilst at the same time leaving us in the same slight doubt as to their essential motives and desires, thoughts and emotions, as a close acquaintance with a fellow human being does. The story is of a man and a woman wrongly mated, and of another woman who loves the man knowingly, and is in return loved by the man himself, at first unknowingly. A simple theme, a difficult problem, described and debated by authors of all time, and never quite adequately treated or solved. In this book, however, it comes to the very verge of complete solution, and then—in some compunctious mood, or for the sake of a happy ending—tails away into the commonplace. This is all the more a pity as otherwise the book is one to praise unequivocally. Its beauty, its power, its fineness of effect, and its intense psychological interest, set it apart from the average novel as a moon is set apart from the stars. Let this present reviewer then commend it to all those who wish for something that is not merely "absorbing" or "eminently readable" but compact of permanent value to students of the human comedy. A very splendid achievement indeed, in which even the casual reader must catch something of the afterglow of its inner spirit, and share in the freshness of its meaning and purpose.

**THE KEEPER OF THE KING'S PEACE.** By Edgar Wallace. 5s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

In his new novel Mr. Edgar Wallace takes us once more to the Great River and the Territories ruled over by Mr. Commissioner Sanders, and once again the life and soul of the story is Lieutenant Bones, that amiable young officer who stedfastly declines to grow up, and whose only affliction is a fatally facile gift for persiflage. But who can remain angry with a man who persists in addressing you as "dear old sportsman" or "jolly old Miss ——"? With a hero like Bones all things are possible, and his adventures in keeping the peace and bearing the black man's burden are as varied as they are amusingly thrilling. Each chapter is a complete story. Not a few of the joyous escapades of Lieutenant Bones, and incidentally a great many of the cares of Mr. Commissioner Sanders, are directly due to the arrival at the Residency of the exceedingly lovely Patricia Hamilton. The manner of her arrival itself is an adventure of the first order, for by a deplorable, though wholly characteristic, mistake, Bones kidnaps the girl in place of a native witch-doctor. Vivaciously told, with its unconventional setting, its facetious banter and spirited episodes, "The Keeper of the King's Peace" is a capital story for all who enjoy a laugh as much as a thrill.

**CINDERELLA JANE.** By Marjorie Benton Cooke. 6s. (Jarrold.)

When she was twenty-two Jane Judd sold her father's grocery store in New Jersey and came to New York to equip herself as a writer of stories. As a means of living while her art ripened, Jane became a "studio mother," sewing and mending and cooking for a number of young gentlemen afflicted with the artistic temperament. Chief of these was Jerry Paxton, who had more genius and less common sense than the rest of the crowd. It was a long time before Jerry realised how entirely he depended on Jane Judd to see him through anything he undertook, and when at a moment's notice she carried off all the honours in the great pageant he had designed, he learned through the eyes of others that Jane was also beautiful. Partly from pique, partly from patronage, Jerry married Jane, only to find that his wife had surprising depths of strength and character. Jerry's marriage all but came to grief, but in the nick of time he learned his own limitations and accepted the position of the husband of a famous writer. It is an amusing story, very well told, and its humour and pretty sentiment should commend it to many.

**STEALTHY TERROR.** By John Ferguson. 6s. (The Bodley Head.)

"The stealthy terror of the sinuous pard"—in seizing on this quotation for his title the author has made a brave enough attempt to suggest the ultra-creepy atmosphere of his story. Indeed, so cleverly does he sustain and electrify this atmosphere that, compared with the terrors that beset the devious path of young Abercromby, the sinuous pard becomes a straightforward companionable sort of creature. The story may be briefly described as a breathless paperchase starting at the Café Rosenkrantz in Berlin, and ending at the shaft head of a lonely mine near Dover, intermediate halting places being Hamburg, Leith, the Grampian foothills, and Whitehall. The hare is a dogged young Scotsman (dogged in more senses than one), while the hounds are secret agents of Teutonic origin. And the "paper," the cause of all the trouble, is a queer-looking document covered with childish drawings and hieroglyphics which set fire to one's curiosity in an alarming manner. It speaks volumes for the author's ingenuity and resourcefulness that there is no putting down the book until the last page is reached. And even then one puts it down reluctantly, envying the next reader.

**THE STARLIT GARDEN.** By H. de Vere Stacpoole. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Stacpoole's new story revolves round Phyllis Berknowles, who discovers on the death of her father in Ireland that an unknown individual in America has been appointed as her guardian. It is not long before we intelligently anticipate the ringing of the wedding bells over ward and guardian, but the author maintains our interest in Phyllis's career, her youthful indignation at being saddled with a guardian at all, her efforts to live her own life in Dublin, and her final decision to accept her mentor's invitation to live in the charming old world town of Charleston in South Carolina with his aunt. This aunt is the embodiment of everything we associate with the much-abused Victorian era. We can almost hear ormolu clocks a-striking. Mr. Stacpoole evidently means us to join in this hymn of praise, and accordingly wins our affection for the elder Miss Pinkney who from her palace of chintz and make-believe looks out upon a world of automobiles and telephones with unconcealed disgust. The wedding bells postpone ringing while Richard Pinkney, the guardian, pursues a will-o'-the-wisp affection, bemused by an intriguing and heartless young woman. One good turn deserves another, thinks Phyllis the ward, who proceeds to conceive a hopeless passion for Silas Grangerson—a man with that enviable quality known as a "way with women." Reason reasserts itself in the disordered brains of Richard and Phyllis, and Mr. Stacpoole invites us to the wedding. The story is charmingly written and the author's many admirers will enjoy it.

XUM

**THE WOMAN OF THE HORIZON.** By Gilbert Frankau. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

These chapters in the astonishing life-history of the writer, Francis Gordon, form an elaborate study of the artistic temperament. At an early age Gordon had won fame with a novel in verse, and he looked forward to the pleasures of the literary life with the easy assurance of a very wealthy dilettante. The death of his wife awoke in him the haunting conviction that something was lacking in his emotional temperament, and he embarked on a very luxurious journey to the East, in the course of which he proposed to study his own character, and to compose his masterpiece, a twentieth century "Don Juan." Gordon's efforts at knowing himself led him into strange and very various amorous entanglements which served the two-fold purpose of bringing him enlightenment and "copy." Mr. Frankau has chosen an enormous scale for his study, and his admirable moral is a little overcoated with highly coloured sugar.

## The Bookman's Table.

**FAIRIES AND FUSILIERS.** By Robert Graves. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Robert Graves' "Fairies and Fusiliers" is as uncommon as its title, and whether the author's mood be grave or gay, his verse is alive with thought and feeling, and deftly finished. The book is full of light and shade, and strong contrasts—such as the grim, stark realism of "The Dead Boche" and the dainty fancy of "I'd Love to be a Fairy's Child," the power and vigour of "Escape," and the ripple and lilt of "Cherry-Time." Undoubtedly, "The Lady Visitor in the Pauper Ward" will prove a striking and surprising little cameo to a good many readers:

> "Why do you break upon this old, cool peace,
> This painted peace of ours,
> With harsh dress hissing like a flock of geese,
> With garish flowers?
> Why do you churn smooth waters rough again,
> Selfish old skin-and-bone?
> Leave us to quiet dreaming and slow pain,
> Leave us alone."

**THE BOOK OF THE PISTOL AND REVOLVER.** By Captain Hugh Pollard. 10s. 6d. net. (McBride, Nast.)

Sir Guy Francis Laking, Bart., Keeper of the King's Armoury, excludes from that long-expected and monumental work of his, devoted to the Arms and Armour of four centuries, any references to fire-arms, whether they be cannon, muskets or pistols. This gap Captain Pollard, a member of the Cyclist Battalion, undertakes in a measure to fill. And though his treatise on the pistol may not, in its present form, constitute an exhaustive study of the subject, we are so favourably impressed by it that we are prepared to prophesy that the accretions which the book is bound to receive as new editions of it are called for, are likely to make it the popular, if not the definitive, record of the development of the pistol and the revolver. This work is pre-eminently one, not for the antiquarian, but for the man who gains his knowledge and adds to his collection by the handling of armour and weapons, the only enjoyable and infallible way of testing arms and harness of any kind, whether they be offensive or defensive, the products of the Quattrocento or of the twentieth century. Captain Pollard discourses on the wheel-lock, the flint-lock, the percussion system, the development of the revolver, target-weapons, the automatic pistol and ammunition with a perspicacity and perspicuousness that are quite engaging. And he is no less lucid and informing when he is giving his reader advice on learning to shoot, on speed shooting, on duelling, on Bisley shooting, on active service revolver training, and on the accessories and cleaning of the revolver. His appendices, too, are worth studying.


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